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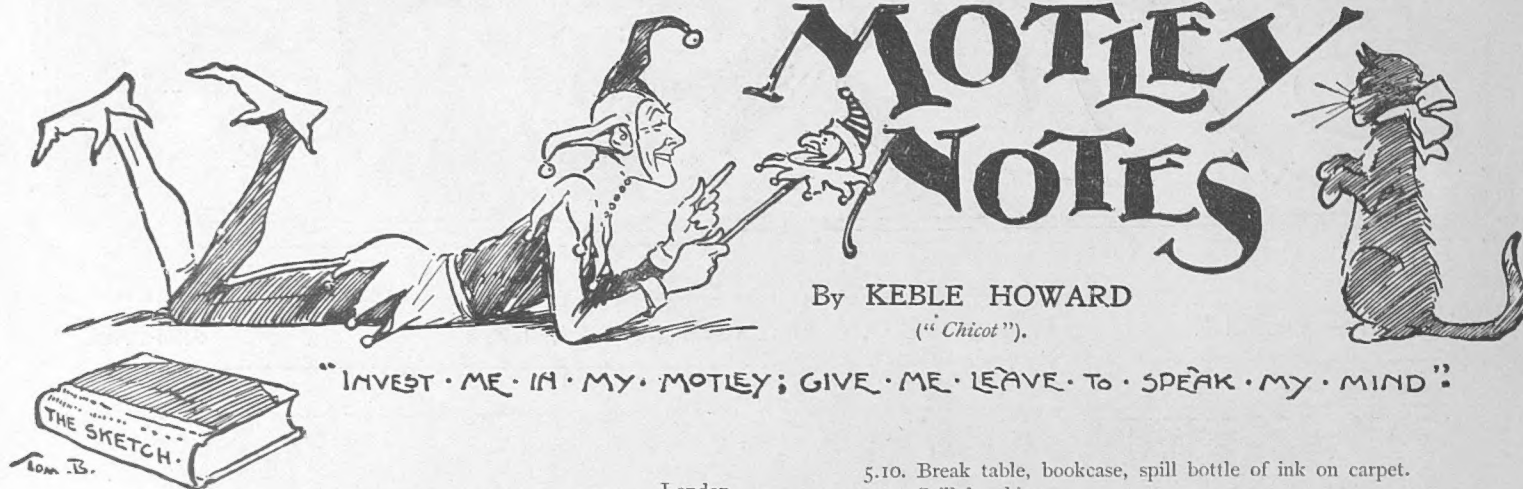
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1905.

SIXPENCE.



"MORVEN": MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON AS THE LORD OF ABIVARD IN "THE CONQUEROR,"
AT THE SCALA THEATRE.

Drawn by C. Wilmshurst at a sitting specially granted to "The Sketch" by Mr Forbes-Robertson.



AN Enthusiastic Lover of Sport writes to the *Standard* to let the Editor of that journal know that "the victory in the everyday fight for good positions goes to the one with wits, and wits are more often obtained by outdoor exercise than by close study indoors." Well, that may be fearfully true. I do not propose to quarrel with the *Standard's* correspondent on the point, although, for my own part, I believe that the best way to succeed in life is to be as lazy as possible, both indoors and out, until the age of, say, eighteen. At any rate, you will generally find that those who "did best" at school have done least since they left school. The good cricketer, of course, can always go on playing cricket, but is that worth doing as a profession? He might just as well have remained at school. As for the diligent student, he generally disappears into the Indian Civil Service, or something of the kind, having mapped out his life as though he were quite certain of living to the age of a hundred. However, as I have said, I am not going to quarrel with this Enthusiastic Lover of Sport on the question of wit and exercise. It is the concluding sentence of his letter that amazes me. Hear, I beg of you, the final word of this strenuous advocate of outdoor life: "A university education, or anything approaching it, is not always the best preparation for our fight for daily bread." That is to say, he actually believes, at this time of day, that a university career is spent in taking notes of lectures and poring over books.

Such astonishing simplicity stirs my profoundest pity. I am moved, indeed, to compile for his benefit a diary of the day of the average undergraduate. Here it is—

- 7.30 a.m. Called.
- 8.0. Called again.
- 9.0. Get up.
- 9.1. Take tub.
- 9.3. Indian clubs.
- 9.4. Smash glass in frame of school group.
- 9.15. Look through ties.
- 9.35. Select tie.
- 9.36. Change tie.
- 9.37. Put on first tie again.
- 9.45. Brekker with Robinson.
- 9.46. Devour sole.
- 9.48. Devour sausage.
- 9.50. Devour another sausage.
- 9.55. Squish.
- 10.5. More squish.
- 10.10. Still more squish.
- 10.15. Sit back and sigh.
- 10.20. Light cigarette.
- 10.30. Rag Robinson.
- 10.35. Break two chairs, a vase, and a picture.
- 11.10. Attend the Dean's lecture on Livy (Liber XXII.).
- 11.15. Wonder if the Dean likes being bald.
- 11.17. Wonder how the Dean got bald.
- 11.19. Make impressionist sketch of Dean.
- 11.30. Yawn badly.
- 11.32. Doze.
- 11.55. Lecture over. Jab Smith in small of back.
- 12.0. Cut Logic lecture and stroll round to Union.
- 1.0. Lunch with Smith.
- 1.25. Squish.
- 1.30. More squish.
- 2.0. Change for footer.
- 2.30. Beginning of match.
- 4.0. End of match.
- 4.30. Tea with Brown.
- 5.0. Rag Brown.

- 5.10. Break table, bookcase, spill bottle of ink on carpet.
- 5.15. Still laughing.
- 5.20. Leave to do a bit of work.
- 5.21. Meet Jones.
- 5.22. Persuaded by Jones to stroll down the Corn.
- 6.23. Persuaded by Jones to chuck work for the day and go to theatre.
- 7.0. Hall.
- 7.5. Swear at soup.
- 7.6. Eat soup.
- 7.10. Swear at beef.
- 7.11. Eat beef and demand more.
- 7.50. Rush for theatre.
- 7.58. Secure corner-seat in dress-circle.
- 8.1. Take fancy to pretty chorus-girl.
- 8.5. Chorus-girl returns grin. Fearful score over Jones.
- 8.10. Chorus-girl grins at Jones. No taste. Sulk.
- 10.30. Sleepy. Jones beastly dull. Piece rotten.
- 11.0. Back in college.
- 11.10. Persuaded by Jones to drink whisky. Don't like it. Conceal the fact.
- 11.20. Snoring.

Somebody on *Vanity Fair*, again, is responsible for a curious statement. He writes: "Mr. Balfour's is that elastic temperament so urgently recommended to his favourite pupil by the great Phrygian philosopher. 'Never brood,' said Epictetus, on more than one occasion; 'you are a man, remember; not a hen!'" And a very good little joke, too, but scarcely applicable, I think, to the case of Mr. Balfour. As a matter of fact, Mr. Balfour is one of the broodiest of men. We have all heard of his all-night sittings.

But one is constantly coming across puzzling little things in the papers. Mr. F. N. Street, for example, writes as follows to the *Pall Mall Gazette*: "Sir, I am naturally much obliged to Mr. St. J. Corbet for letting me know where to find good specimens of the 'Hockey Girl.' I only hope other collectors may not be on the spot before me." Now, is this a joke, or is the "Hockey Girl" a kind of moth or butterfly? One can hardly imagine that Mr. Street wishes to collect real hockey-girls. If he does, I can tell him where there are heaps and heaps, but I would warn him that they take up a lot of room, and are very muddy about the house.

Do you, or do you not, admire Miss Edith King? She is that American girl, you know, who is eighteen years of age, weighs ninety-eight pounds, and makes it her business to capture Army deserters. Miss King believes, according to the artless American reporter responsible for the story, that "her sex particularly fits her for this kind of work, as deserters do not suspect such a method of arrest." The method appears to be as follows: Search out one deserter, the bigger and heavier the better. Get into conversation with him, and gain his complete confidence by pretending to be a dear little creature with a fancy for playing with handcuffs. Presently, when the poor loon is quite off his guard, suggest to him that it would be great fun to handcuff his wrist to your own wrist. This pretty trick accomplished, whip out a revolver and threaten to shoot him through the head unless he comes along quietly to the military headquarters. The reward is ten pounds, and the eternal hatred of your captive's wife, and children, and comrades. Do you, I repeat, or do you not, admire Miss Edith King? If so, you should lose no time in apprenticing one or two of your unmarried daughters to her. Better still, let them set up in opposition. Somehow or other, I do not think that Miss King is likely to get much on the goodwill of her business.

MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON AT THE SCALA THEATRE.

'SKENE'
MR. J. H. RILEY.



A
BACCHANTE



'SIR GEOFFREY CLARENCEAUX'
MR. C. BRYANT



'BRANDON'
MR. OSCAR
ADYE



'SIR BEAUVISE'
MR. HENRY AINLEY



'AMORANZA'
MISS GERTRUDE
ELLIOTT



'FLORVEN'
MR. FORBES ROBERTSON.



'BLACK NELL'
MISS ITALIA CONTI



'NEVILLE'
MR. ERIC LESLIE

A PEASANT.
MISS DOROTHY
PAGET



A PEOLAR
MR. ERNEST
COSHAM.



RALPH CLEAVER '05.

CHARACTERS IN "THE CONQUEROR."

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

THE CLUBMAN.

Where the Morocco Commission is to Assemble—"Rain in the Face"—
The Bodyguards of the World and their Weapons.

A LINEN collar once worn by Dr. Livingstone has now become one of the treasures which the Royal Geographical Society cherishes. It was a gift to the Society, and therefore its market-value was not established, which is really good news for living celebrities of the first rank. If the minor articles of clothing of great men and great women had a market-price after their deaths, they would very likely often find themselves collarless or handkerchiefless during their lives, the very small but very necessary articles of linen having disappeared in the wash. A Field-Marshal confined to the house because no socks had come home from the laundry, or a great statesman unable to appear in the House because he had a cold and no handkerchiefs, would be great men seriously afflicted by their greatness.

When the representatives of most of the European Powers meet to wrangle over Morocco, Algeciras is to be their temporary place of abode. Whoever made choice of this little Spanish town across the Bay of Gibraltar in preference to Madrid or one of the Moorish cities chose wisely. Algeciras is now in repute as one of the health-giving towns of the South, and since a really good hotel has been opened there the London doctors have discovered that the air is dry and the climate not too cold in winter, and they send many of their wealthy patients there. The pleasures of Algeciras are rather limited, excursions to Gibraltar and across the Straits being the leading ones, while a gallop with the Calpe Hounds and rides in the surrounding country are amusements for the venturesome.

Before the big hotel was built and a manager from London brought to manage it, Algeciras was only a dirty provincial town with a bull-ring, in which many British officers saw their first and last bull-fight—for in the smaller towns of Spain there is as much bloodthirstiness and less skill than in the larger ones—and the terminus of the railway. There was always a possibility of being sea-sick on the little steamers which run across the bay from Gibraltar, and the passengers, who in those days were generally "Scorpions," Jews, and dirty-looking Spanish peasants, were ill on the least provocation. The Custom House examination at Algeciras was, and probably still is, the most thorough in the world. So much smuggling is done from Gibraltar into Spanish territory that everybody is suspected of being a smuggler, whether he or she be respectably garbed or not. I once offered a piece of silver to a Custom House officer at Algeciras, having an objection to my clean shirts being

rug was minutely examined, and I considered myself lucky in escaping a personal search. Since then, whenever I have crossed the border into Spain, I have taken my chance of my bags being passed without a great out-turning, and have never again adopted the tactics which are so successful on the Italian and some other frontiers. On the Franco-Spanish frontier I have always found that the examination is a very cursory one, though a long, flat dressing-case, which looks as though it might contain pistols, is always pounced upon and opened.



A COLISEUM SKETCH THAT FLUTTERED THE DOVECOTES OF THE THEATRICAL MANAGERS' ASSOCIATION: "JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN," AT THE COLISEUM.—JOSEPH IS PROMOTED BY PHARAOH.

Although threatened with prosecution under an ancient Act, the management of the Coliseum decided to go on with the production of "Joseph and his Brethren."

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

The death of "Rain in the Face," the old Sioux chief, is a reminder that our American friends, as well as ourselves, had not so very long ago their "regrettable incidents" in their little wars. Custer's last stand was, on a larger scale, a like incident to the fight of the Shangani Patrol. The General and his three hundred blue-coated, slouch-hatted cavalry were caught in a trap on the Little Bighorn River. Escape was impossible, for the Sioux in overwhelming numbers were all round them, so Custer and his men did as stout-hearted soldiers should do and fought till the bitter end.

In Court circles at Pekin the account of the doings of the Archer Bodyguard on the occasion of the great review at Edinburgh will be read with pleasure. The Chinese, in their moments of humour, were wont to claim that their Army was just as efficiently organised as ours, because China and Great Britain alone had the distinction of bodyguards armed with bows and arrows, and alone maintained that very picturesque performance the bayonet-exercise. The bayonet-exercise, with us, has gone the way of most antiquities, but, happily for the picturesqueness of ceremonial in the Scottish capital, the bows still remain.

The bayonet-exercise was apt to be mistaken by savage nations for a war-dance. I can recall an occasion when, in South Africa, a native tribe which had not been behaving worse than usual—indeed, had been conducting its cattle-stealing on quite a moderate scale—suddenly retreated to its stronghold, threw up its schences as a defence, and sang its war-song vigorously. Inquiries were made as to why this was done, and the chief was assured that he was not going to be attacked. He said that he knew better, for the English soldiers had danced their war-dance. The explanation was that the 13th Light Infantry, being inspected by a General, had gone through the "Review Exercise" with great accuracy.

I believe that the Chinese courtiers who think that Scotland and the Flowery Land possess the only two bow-bearing bodyguards are mistaken. There is a Hungarian Guard of nobility the members of which, on the very rare occasions that they assemble, carry a bow as their weapon. An interesting article might be written on the weapons carried by the various bodyguards of the world. The silver halberds of our own King's Gentlemen-at-Arms are as picturesque weapons as those carried by any other guard.



"JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN," AT THE COLISEUM: JACOB BLESSING BENJAMIN.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

pawed by dirty hands and my collars being scattered over muddy planks. I either tried to give my dollar to the wrong man or to give it to him at the wrong time, for he would not accept it, and everything I had in my boxes and bags was turned out on the floor, my coat and

FENIMORE COOPER'S HEROES IN REAL LIFE.



CHIEF HOLLOW HORN BEAR OF THE SIOUX INDIANS, THE LARGEST NORTH AMERICAN TRIBE.

The old Redskin chiefs are a vanishing race. Hollow Horn Bear still flourishes, but last week we heard of the death of Rain in the Face, another of the Sioux warriors, who cut off General Custer's patrol some years ago in an affair that closely resembled the disaster to Wilson's party.

Photograph by Waldon Fawcett, Washington.

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"EXCELSIOR," AT THE LYCEUM.

The revival of "Excelsior" at the Lyceum gives the present
 generation of playgoers the opportunity of seeing a ballet that may
 be called world-famous. It has been played all over Europe, and in
 many parts of America; it has made many dancers famous. Last
 Monday week at the reopened Lyceum it played too long, and an
 accident to one of the scenes was responsible for an interlude with
 which the ballet has no concern. But in spite of the two hours
 demanded by the first performance, and the irrelevance of some of the
 matter introduced, the reception was excellent. The house was
 charmed by the wonderful grouping and posing, by the brightness of
 the music and by the rare excellence of the work done by some of
 the principals. Maria Bordin, the new *première danseuse*, who comes
 from La Scala, will be a favourite with London audiences. Not only
 does she essay successfully some of the most difficult steps within the
 range of her art, but she is graceful, and persuasive and the shape of
 her foot is almost as beautiful as its movements. Vincenti, who used
 to dance at the Empire ten years ago, has returned to London, and
 seems to be more energetic and agile than before, if this be possible.
 In Signor Monti the Lyceum has secured the services of a first-class
 mime. Since the first performance, "Excelsior" has been revised and
 cut down within proper limits, and is now a production that no lover
 of fine dancing can afford to overlook.

B.

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THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

SEPTEMBER 30.

THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO AS A PHOTOGRAPHER.

THE KING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

THE GERMANS' COLONIAL TROUBLE.

HOW THE ZAMBESI BRIDGE WAS BUILT.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C. PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.



THE PRIZE £150 COTTAGE AT THE CHEAP COTTAGES EXHIBITION, LETCHWORTH (GARDEN CITY).

The builders were Messrs. Green Brothers, and the architect, Mr. Percy Houfton, both of Chesterfield. The accommodation includes a living-room, with range 18 ft. by 12 ft.; a scullery, with copper 12 ft. 3 in. by 7 ft. 6 in.; larder, cupboard-dresser, a coal-place; three bedrooms, measuring, respectively, 18 ft. by 10 ft. 8 in., 12 ft. by 9 ft., and 8 ft. 9½ in. by 8 ft. 8 in. The walls are of nine-inch brickwork in mortar-cement rough-cast.

Photograph by R. Phillips.

THE KING will enjoy a brief period of complete rest and recreation during what bids fair to be only a comparatively short sojourn at Balmoral. Deeside is exceptionally full this season, every great house in the neighbourhood of the Sovereign's Scottish home being occupied, and splendid preparations have been made with a view to providing the King with adequate sport. Even since His Majesty's last visit to Balmoral many improvements have been effected, both inside and outside the Castle. The Prince of Wales stayed on at Abergeldie after the Princess left for London, in order that he might spend his last few weeks in this country at no great distance from his Royal father. During the absence of their Royal Highnesses their children will be under the close personal care of the King and Queen.

The King as a Deer-Stalker. His Majesty is said to have had some exceptionally successful deer-stalking expeditions during his stay at

SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

Glen Quoich, and while the Sovereign is on Deeside he will take part in more than one of the great deer-drives which are organised each autumn by the Duke of Fife in Mar Forest. The Sovereign began deer-stalking when still a child, for this was the late Prince Consort's favourite form of sport; indeed, that was one reason why Balmoral was purchased, for the Royal estate is in the heart of Scotland's deer-country. Driving is a comparatively new development, and must be regarded more or less as a millionaire's amusement. The Sovereign's son-in-law, who owns 80,000 acres of deer-forest, can pursue this form of sport under especially agreeable circumstances, and so can His Majesty's late host, Lord Burton. It has been said that the heads and antlers of "royals" form the most splendid of mural decorations, and that this is indeed so is proved both at Balmoral and at Mar Lodge.



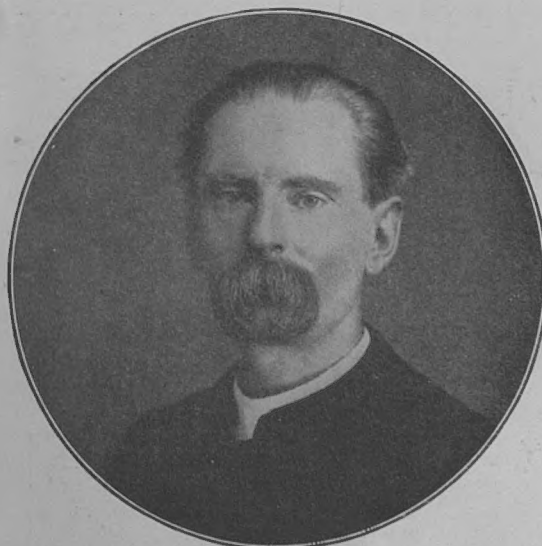
VICAR AND DRAMATIC AUTHOR: THE REV. FORBES PHILLIPS ("ATHOL FORBES"), VICAR OF GORLESTON.

The Vicar is famous for his belief in the joint mission of Church and Stage. Mrs. Brown-Potter has often recited at his evening services, and for her he wrote "Church or Stage," produced in Dublin, and "Lord Danby's Love Affair," which ran for a time at the Savoy.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

The Indian Royal Tour.

There is something amusing in the thought that so many loyal globe-trotters are now turning their attention to India. It is said that many berths on the more popular liners are already engaged, and that the Prince and Princess of Wales will hardly be able to see the natives through the thick hedge of British sightseers who hope to follow the Royal progress from place to place. Be that as it may, India means to offer a splendid welcome to the Heir-Apparent and his Consort, and their Royal Highnesses' various tastes will be carefully catered for. Thus a series of tiger-hunts and pig-sticking expeditions will figure in that portion of the programme more especially devoted to the Prince, and the Princess will be entertained at all the principal centres of artistic and textile industries, for these, as all the world knows, are peculiarly interesting to the Royal lady who has done so much to revive our own silk trade.



A CHURCH-AND-STAGER: THE REV. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, JOINT AUTHOR OF "THE ONLY WAY."

The Rector of St. John's, Limerick, has written many volumes of verse, and also books for children and boys. He is the joint author, with Mr. Freeman Wills, of "The Only Way," in which Mr. Martin Harvey appeared as Sydney Carton.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

A French Queen for Spain?

The rumour that Princess Louise of Orleans, the charming young Princess who is now engaged in nursing her sister, the Duchesse de Guise, at Woodnorton, is to be Queen of Spain gains ground. It is further whispered that the betrothal will be first made known when our Sovereign pays his return visit to the land of the Cid. Princess Louise is the youngest sister of the Queen of Portugal. She has spent part of her girlhood in Spain, where her mother has a large estate; further, her own long-dead aunt was the late King of Spain's first wife. Whether this French Princess be the future Queen of Spain, certain it is that the next important Royal matrimonial announcement will be that of the betrothal of Alfonso XIII. The youthful monarch is not without qualities which might, under wise guidance, make for a wonderful revival of a kingdom with great memories, and withal, despite its decadence, great possibilities.

Some October Weddings.

October, next to June, seems the favourite wedding-month of the year. London begins to wake up, the days are often very fine, and the fact that Parliament is not sitting gives many people a feeling of leisure. On the 3rd of next month, Lord Valentia's daughter, Miss Helen Annesley, will marry Mr. J. H. Lonsdale at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street. A military marriage of great interest will be celebrated at Brympton, Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane's country place. The bride is the old courtier's grand-daughter, Miss Violet Fane, and the bridegroom Captain Clive. Sir John Gorst's daughter will be married to Major Herbert at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and what will be, perhaps, the smartest of October weddings, that of the pretty American, Miss Leila Pfiser, and Captain Holland, will be celebrated at St. George's, Hanover Square.



A CHURCH-AND-STAGER: THE REV. FREEMAN WILLS, JOINT AUTHOR OF "THE ONLY WAY."

Mr. Wills, the Vicar of St. Agatha, Finsbury, is the brother of the late G. W. Wills, the dramatist. He is the author of several plays, the best-known of which is "The Only Way," written in conjunction with the Rev. Frederick Langbridge.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



AN EVANGELICAL PEERESS: THE COUNTESS OF TANKERVILLE.

The Countess has been addressing an open-air revival meeting in Shropshire.

Photograph by Maull and Fox.

are great lovers of art, the former being a fine miniaturist and an exhibitor at the Royal Academy. They have two little sons—Lord Ossulston, who is eight years old, and Master George Bennet, who is only two.

Baby Diplomats. Washington, the diplomatic capital of the United States, has quite an important circle of baby diplomats, the children of those Ambassadors, Ministers, and Consuls who, to use the significant old phrase, lie abroad for their country's good. Peculiar interest attaches to the children of Yung Kwai, for their pretty mother is American by birth, and a marriage between East and West is a sufficiently rare occurrence to produce a feeling of constantly recurring surprise. Accordingly, these small people occupy a unique place in the Liliput of Washington, and are in great request at all the children's parties.

The Poor Child's Friend. All English-speaking men and women must regret the premature death of the remarkable man who made the name of Barnardo known to the uttermost ends of the earth. There were many who may not have been in complete sympathy with him, but who are now sorrowing at the thought that one of those whom Milton called "God's Englishmen" should have passed away ere his work was done. For Barnardo was only sixty.

An Evangelistic Peer and Peeress. Lord and Lady Tankerville have been holding a series of evangelical meetings in Shropshire, and a few days ago they were the centre of one of the most picturesque gatherings ever held on Stiper Stone Range, where the open-air service was attended by the whole neighbourhood. The owner of Chillingham is one of the most interesting members of the Upper House. As Lord Bennet, he was for long the intimate friend and co-worker of certain famous American revivalists, and he spent much of his youth in America, where he found a charming wife in Miss Leonora Van Marter. Both Lord and Lady Tankerville

Of Many Varying Strains. Thomas John Barnardo was of Irish - German-Spanish descent, but his mother was an Englishwoman. Born in Ireland, he was from youth upwards as "Protestant" as only Irishmen in these modern days know how to be. As a youth he formed the ambition to become a medical missionary, and during the great cholera epidemic of 1866 he was a student at the London Hospital, and a zealous worker among the sick and dying. This medical training was of the greatest value in Dr. Barnardo's later life and work, and probably saved him from many of the mistakes made by some of his brother philanthropists.



AN EVANGELICAL PEER: THE EARL OF TANKERVILLE.

The Earl has been addressing an open-air revival meeting in Shropshire.

Photograph by Maull and Fox.

"Little Jim Jarvis." From small causes great actions spring. The whole of Dr. Barnardo's wonderful achievement sprang from the fact that one winter night a small waif named Jim Jarvis found his way to the Ragged School started by the young Doctor in what had once been a donkey-stable in Stepney. This little boy proved to his somewhat incredulous teacher that he had no human belongings at all, and, further, that there were hundreds of homeless waifs like Jim Jarvis himself whose later career must necessarily develop into one of idleness and crime. Owing to this apparent circumstance Dr. Barnardo was able to emigrate, and start well in life over seventeen thousand boys and girls.

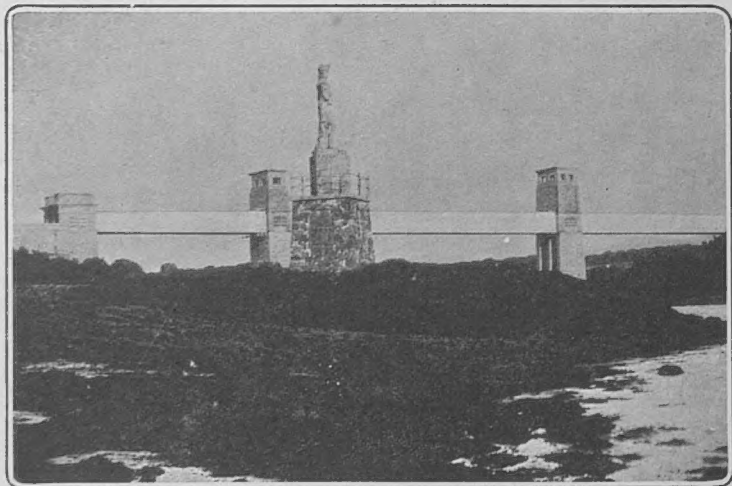
The Romance of Philanthropy. The first sum of which the children's friend became trustee was sixpence-halfpenny, given to him by a poor little general-servant, but this was the beginning of much. No year went by without his receiving thousands of pounds in romantic and unexpected ways; and up to last week, when took place his death at the comparatively early age of sixty, he had received a sum of no less than £3,119,646 sterling. His favourite charity—perhaps Dr. Barnardo's own favourite amongst his one hundred and twelve separate institutions—was his Village Homes, in which was cultivated the spirit of domesticity to which their founder attached



CHINO-AMERICAN CHILDREN: THE FAMILY OF SECRETARY YUNG KWAI OF THE CHINESE LEGATION AT WASHINGTON.

The children, who have an American mother, are here represented in Chinese costume.

Photograph by Fawcett.



THE TRAFALGAR CENTENARY: A NELSON STATUE IN THE MENAI STRAITS.

The statue was carved in 1873 by Clarence Paget. It bears the inscription, "Fell at Trafalgar, 1805," and the famous signal about England's expectations. The statue, as will be seen from the picture, stands close to the Menai Bridge.

Photograph by Park's Press Studio.



A SHARK THAT ATE A MAN: A GRUESOME INCIDENT ON THE VOYAGE OF A. P. AND O.

The shark, which weighed 750 pounds, was caught with a rope and a leg of pork on a hook from the deck of the P. and O. liner "Syria," at Suez. Inside the fish were found a man's head, three hats, two fowls, and a quantity of bones.

Photograph supplied by Mr. E. Parsons.



LORD GUERNSEY, ELDEST SON OF THE EARL OF AYLESFORD.

Lord Guernsey is a very popular figure in Society.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

enterprise was incorporated in an Association managed by a Council composed of well-known men of business. It is, of course, this Council which will now carry on the work, and it is to be hoped that they will receive as genuine and as vigorous a support as that which was vouchsafed for so many long years to Dr. Barnardo himself.

Lord Guernsey is the eldest son and heir of the Earl of Aylesford. He is twenty-two, an Old Etonian, and holds a commission in the Irish Guards. In Society Lord Guernsey is very popular, and is counted by hostesses among the really dancing men, not merely men who go to dances. He is the heir to Packington Hall, near Coventry, the splendid seat of the Finch family, on the edge of the Forest of Arden. The master of Packington has been for generations Lord Warden of the Woodmen of Arden, an ancient society of archers. Lord Guernsey bears the Christian name of Heneage, after the founder of the family fortunes. It was Heneage

most wisely so great an importance. Every boy and girl, having once had even a short connection with one of the Barnardo Homes, was kept in sight after he or she had become prosperous and self-supporting. Perhaps it is owing to this fact that the number of unsuccessful cases seems to have been so miraculously small.

The Future of the Work.

Dr. Barnardo was far too good an administrator and thinker not to realise very early in his career that he was himself mortal. No man had a greater band of devoted co-workers, and some years ago the vast

Finch, second son of the Earl of Nottingham, who was a great lawyer of the seventeenth century.

The Viceroy's "A.D.C."

The new Viceroy of India, Lord Minto, has undoubtedly done well to choose a "brither Scot" for his "A.D.C." Lord Francis Scott, who obtains this coveted appointment, is the youngest son of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch. Like his three elder brothers—Lord George, Lord Henry, and Lord Herbert—he is an Old Etonian, and like them, too, he served in the South African War. Lord Francis



THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA'S AIDE-DE-CAMP: LORD FRANCIS SCOTT.

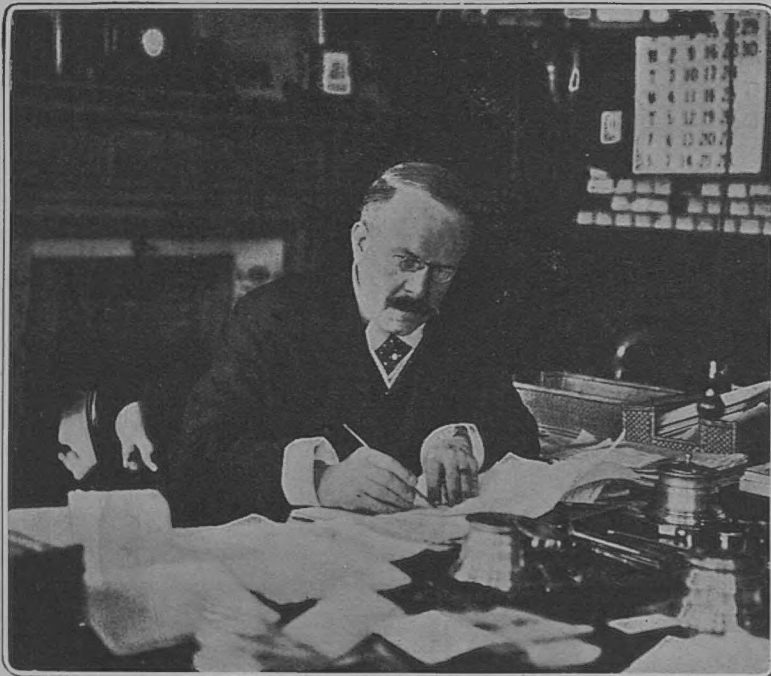
Lord Francis is the youngest son of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

is twenty-six, and holds a commission in the Grenadier Guards—the famous old "Sand Bags."

"Vive l'Entente!" Some delightful examples of Englishwoman's French have lately been published in the *Evening Standard*. Even a fairly extensive knowledge of French cannot save the British mind from the lurking pitfall of idiom. The story goes that a much-harassed woman whose only hope of salvation was Cook was heard shouting, "Cherchez moi l'homme qui porte le mot 'cuisinier' autour de la couronne de son chapeau." The refinement of erudition that could translate Cook into French was, alas, the unsaving clause in this instance, but the wit of the French railway-porter was equal to the occasion: he, excellent man, must have had a little English. But there is a better

story still about a clergyman's wife who invaded a milliner's in the Rue de la Paix and said, "Montrez moi un chapeau tranquille parce que je suis la femme d'un curé!"



A GREAT PHILANTHROPIST AT WORK: DR. BARNARDO IN HIS STUDY.

Dr. Thomas J. Barnardo, who died on September 19, was probably the greatest practical philanthropist in London. His name is a household word in connection with the rescue of the street-Arab, and he has turned into useful citizens at least 60,000 waifs who would otherwise have swelled the ranks of crime.



DID WHITAKER WRIGHT FIND HIS ALIAS HERE? CASES OF STATUARY, MARKED "ANDREONI," ORIGINALLY INTENDED FOR LEA PARK.

When the late Whitaker Wright endeavoured to flee to America, he travelled under the name of Andreoni. It has been suggested that he may have taken his alias from the name of the Roman sculptor who supplied him with a large number of marble statues destined for the decoration of Lea Park. They were never set up, however, and are now lying forlorn in a field advertising Signor Andreoni.

Photograph by Haines.



THE LATE DR. BARNARDO'S WORK IN PROGRESS: A BRAKE-LOAD OF BOY EMIGRANTS FOR CANADA.

Dr. Barnardo rescued about 60,000 waifs from the London streets and sent them to Canada, where the greater number of them became good citizens of the Empire. The photograph shows a departure of boy emigrants. On the pavement are a group of cripples from the Homes giving their companions a send-off. These the Canadian Government will not receive, but they are provided for in this country.

Photograph by the Topical Press.

York Herald. The Duke of Norfolk, as Earl Marshal, will have to appoint someone to succeed the late Mr. George Marshall as York Herald. The pay is not enormous, being, indeed, £26 13s. 4d. a year, with a varying amount in fees; but there is a very distinct social position, and the privilege of rooms in the Heralds' College, in Queen Victoria Street, a beautiful and almost unspoiled example of late seventeenth-century architecture. The six Heralds rank between the Kings-of-Arms and the Pursuivants. They used formerly to be created with great pomp, wine being poured over their heads, while they took the Herald's oath on a sword. The new York Herald will, no doubt, be some learned genealogist and antiquary who would rather drink the wine than have it poured over his head! In these unceremonious days a few curt lines in the *London Gazette* takes the place of the mediæval rites.

King Edward's Royal "Double." In the famous Trinity Chapel in Canterbury Cathedral, immediately opposite the tomb of Edward the Black Prince, lie the bones of Henry IV. and his second wife, Joan of Navarre. The monument was probably set up by Queen Joan herself; at any rate, the Arms of England and France, Evreux and Navarre, can be discerned in it, as well as the Queen's motto, "Atemperance." King Henry is particularly interesting to us, because of his striking physical resemblance to his successor, our present gracious King Edward, as may be seen in the accompanying picture of the monument. Moreover, strange to relate, the actual features of Henry IV. have been seen by people in quite modern times, one or two of whom may even be alive now. It is an extraordinary story. The tomb was actually opened, in the



MUSHROOMING MADE EASY: A DOG THAT FINDS EDIBLE FUNGI.

Our illustration shows Mr. Robert Humfries and his Irish terrier, also his "bag" of mushrooms. The dog has been trained to find mushrooms, and when taken out for that purpose he will run on in front of his owner, and on coming across his quarry he will stop and give "tongue." By this means the owner is enabled to save many miles of walking when mushroom-collecting.

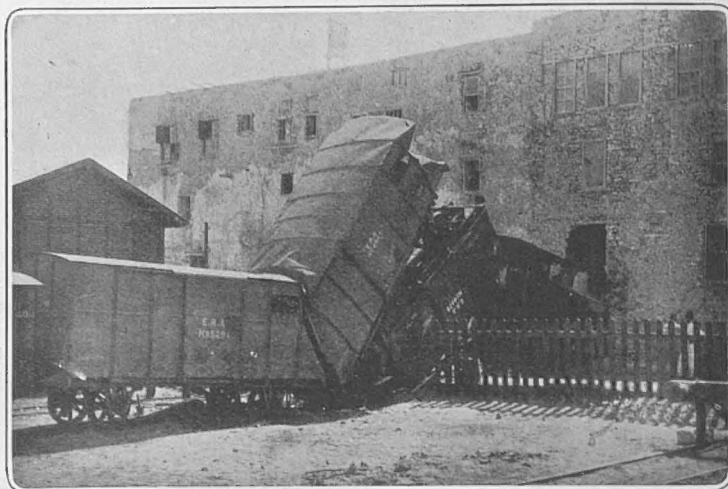
Photograph by the Topical Press.

presence of Dean Bagot and others, on Aug. 21, 1832. The excuse for this desecration was to ascertain the truth of the Yorkist story that the King's body had been thrown into the Thames between Barking and Gravesend, as a Jonah-like offering, in the midst of a great storm. A great calm immediately followed, but "whether the King was a good man, God knows," as a contemporary chronicler observes. Dean Bagot's action proved this story untrue. The two coffins were found, and that of the King opened, when his face was seen in complete preservation, the nose elevated, the beard thick and matted and of a deep russet colour, and the jaws perfect, with all the teeth perfect except one.

Irish Prudery? Never, we suppose, will the British mind be able to understand the Irish. Not long ago, Erin was aflame with indignation because the education authorities endeavoured to arrange that very young boys should in future be taught by female teachers, as is the practice in England, and, we fancy, in most other countries. Now we have an exhibition of amazing prudery on the part of the Public Health Committee of the Cork Corporation. It seems that at a swimming gala, announced to be held at the municipal baths, both male and female competitors were to be in the water at the same time! Appalling, isn't it? The Chairman actually talked about a sense of decency, and the executive sanitary officer—can you not fancy this awe-inspiring gentleman?—was instructed not only to prevent any mixture of the sexes in the stainless purity of the Cork baths, but also to see that the ladies' race was cancelled altogether. What Cork thinks of the whole business we do not know, but we are very sure that the city ought to resent indignantly this most unpleasant aspersion on its morality.

Squashing the Subaltern.

The death of Sir Robert Gunter reminds us that this family, though of real antiquity in Yorkshire, will always remain associated in people's minds with the great caterer's business in Berkeley Square which was established by a cadet of the house. A good story is told



THE TRAIN THAT INVADIED A BEDROOM: A QUEER ACCIDENT AT SUEZ.

Owing to the failure of a brake, a goods-train ran through a paling across a road, broke through the wall of an inhabited house, and entered a room where a man and his wife were sleeping. The man, finding the room full of steam, jumped up and put a basin on the top of the funnel. Fortunately, no one was hurt.

Photograph supplied by Mr. Chevallier.

of the heir to this business, who joined rather a smart regiment. Young Gunter was asked by an ineffable subaltern, who, of course, knew the answer to his question perfectly well, "Aw! I say, what's your father?" Whereupon the following dialogue ensued—

MR. GUNTER. Oh, my father's a confectioner.
SUBALTERN. Ugh! Pity he didn't make you one!
MR. GUNTER. May I ask what your father is?
SUBALTERN. Oh, my father's a gentleman!
MR. GUNTER. Ugh! Pity he didn't—

But the subaltern had fled!

In Gunter Land. Chelsea, not Berkeley Square, is the real Gunter Land, and we believe the late Sir Robert had no interest in the catering business at all. He was lucky enough to have a grandfather who bought large pieces of Chelsea when they were orchards, fields, and nursery-gardens, and now they bear crops a trifle more profitable than apples and geraniums. Following the example of other London landlords—everyone knows George Street, Villiers Street, Duke Street, Of Alley, and Buckingham Street—the Gunters commemorated themselves and their possessions in developing the estate. So you have Gunterstone Road, as well as Wetherby Gardens, Mansions, Place, and Road, after Sir Robert Gunter's seat in Yorkshire, Wetherby Grange; Collingham Gardens, Place, and Road, after his Yorkshire parish; Bramham Gardens, after his pack of hounds; and, most curious of all, Barkston Gardens, because he represented the Barkston Ash Division in Parliament.



SO LIKE THE KING: EFFIGY OF HENRY IV. IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

The only King of England buried in Canterbury Cathedral is Henry IV., between whose effigy and the features of our present monarch (whom God preserve) a distinct resemblance may be traced. A recurrence of these likenesses in the Royal Family is not at all infrequent, for Queen Victoria bore a remarkable resemblance to Prince Charles Edward in his later years.

Photograph by Collis.

THE GIBSON GIRLS ON TOUR.



DAINTY ACCESSORIES TO "THE CATCH OF THE SEASON."

AN AMERICAN ARTIST'S IDEALS REALISED IN MR. SEYMOUR HICKS' COMPANY.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

I AM sorry to read that insanity is making headway in rural districts, and the sad news will come as a surprise to those who thought that Hodge had no brain at all, and was therefore immune. Did not a great wit, now dead, declare that country folk rose early because they had so much to do, and went to bed early because they had so little to think about? It is bad enough to learn that the rural exodus proceeds apace; it is very serious to be assured that an undue proportion of those who remain on the land qualify for asylums. If this be true, to what end do philanthropists rage and architects devise cheap cottages? And yet, in all seriousness, the increase of insanity can hardly surprise people who have seen for themselves the dulness of country life as lived by the agricultural labourer. He is quite out of touch with the outside world; no amusement comes his way, if we except the annual Fair, and social intercourse is a thing unknown. Many of our agricultural labourers work on the land day after day without speaking, and they are quite unconscious of the natural beauties surrounding them. In parts of Scotland, where the farm-hands eat in the kitchen and live together in the bothy, I have never heard of a case of insanity, and there can be no doubt that a little social relaxation would help Hodge to live and die outside the county asylum.

In Leopold's Land. Many people will be looking forward to the publication of the Congo Inquiry Commission, which is promised at the end of the month and will be communicated to the Powers signatory to the Treaty of Berlin. A Brussels paper is so kind as to inform us that the Commission mentions a number of "reprehensible acts" committed by King Leopold's subjects. This admission has a certain value, and would have more if we had not been deluged with photographs of victims of the rubber-hunters. We all know that a photograph is about as veracious as tombstones or statistics, but, where names and addresses are given and the stories are vouched for by missionaries and independent observers, they need more explaining away than Brussels has been able to give them down to the present. There is no doubt that the Commission will be loyally lavish with the whitewash, but there are stains no whitewash can hide—or the excellent substance would take rank with gold and be cornered by some enterprising financiers in anticipation of the great demand from Empire-makers.

Savoy to the Rescue. The one bright feature

associated with those shocking earthquakes in Calabria and Sicily has been the personal devotion of the Italian King. It is a tradition of the House of Savoy to go about fearlessly in times of great national distress. What Victor Emmanuel has been doing in the past fortnight his grand father and father would have done with as little hesitation. Indeed, when the cholera was raging in the South of Italy some years ago, King Humbert went into the slums of Naples and comforted the sick and the dying in fashion that called vigorous protests from his staff. They declared that he had no right to risk his life, and he met their representations with a rebuke that was short, sharp, and final.

Victor Emmanuel is unlike most modern rulers. When he came to the throne, or soon after, he closed the greater part of the royal rooms in the Quirinal and lives to-day in simple style in a small corner of the huge palace. The river of money that flowed to the leading Roman tradesmen for useless luxury when Queen Margharita held sway has been dammed—so, they say, has the great change by the people who grew fat under the old régime.

Three Naval Paymasters.

It was with a feeling of relief that I read the long-suppressed news of rioting in Tokio, for it convinced me that Mikado Mutsuhito's extraordinary virtues have left room in the Island Kingdom for some measure of cakes and ale. Now, as though for my further reassurance, I note that three naval paymasters have embezzled some thirty thousand pounds in the past twelve months, and that the trouble will lead to an indictment of the Government by the Opposition. In a sense this is doubly satisfying. It shows, to begin with, that the Japanese have their proper leaven of scoundrels, and, further, it suggests that Japanese political intelligence is not far ahead of our own. I imagine that, if we were the unhappy possessors of three defaulting paymasters, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman would rise to move the adjournment of the House and propose a vote of censure upon Earl Cawdor, while Messrs. Lloyd-George and Winston Churchill would express an eloquent anxiety to learn why a helpless and effete Administration that had long survived its claim to courteous consideration at the hands of thinking men persisted in office.

"Albert."

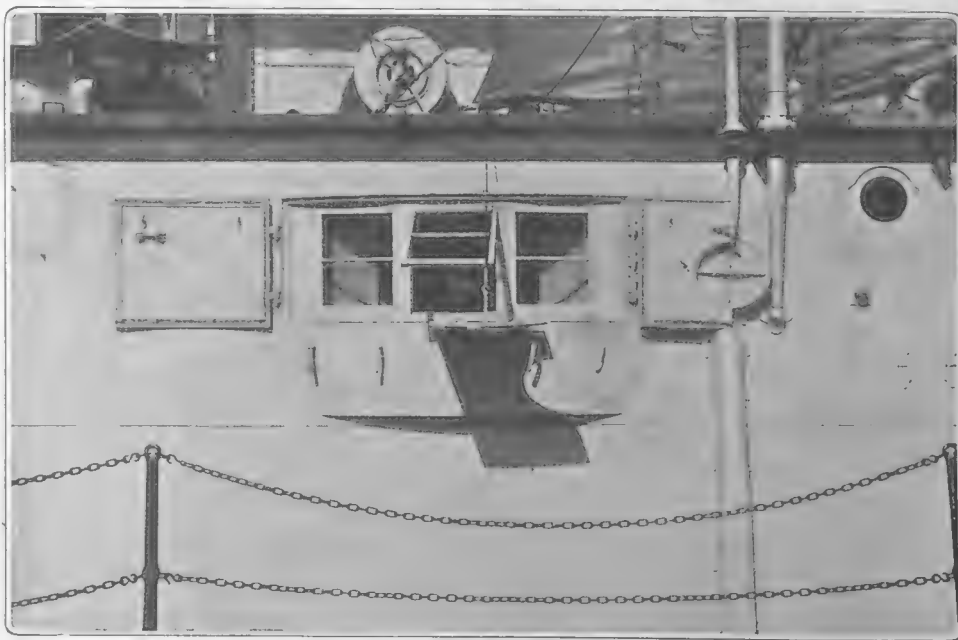
I learn from sundry papers that "Albert" is a gentleman inquired for by the police, because he is alleged to have combined dentistry with what popular newspapers term "arch-bigamy." A popular Press declares that "Albert" had a wife in every port, to say nothing of places that were not ports at all. One of the wives, who has gone back with the baby to the paternal roof, has been describing "Albert" to the reporters. He seems to be kind and good, charitable, diligent, and fond of his fellow-creatures, particularly if they happen to be young and marriageable females. Well, I suppose the police will find "Albert," and will seek to deprive him of wives and dental practice for a long term of years, unless he can explain that he is not the man they seek, but merely another man with the same set of names. At the same time, if he is as good and kind as one of the wives declares, I think there should be room for such an affectionate man somewhere outside prison-walls, wherein there is neither giving in marriage nor connubial bliss, even though he is the real and genuine "Albert" and none other. If he had been a pious Moslem or a Mormon, or a chief of some far

African State, he might be the honoured husband of many wives and the father of so many children that President Roosevelt would praise him. Indeed, I am not without hope that, if "Albert" comes before the Judges, the President will renew his successful peace campaign and stand between "Albert" and the day of wrath.



READY FOR ROYALTY: A GUN-CASEMATE ON THE "RENOWN" FITTED UP AS A CABIN FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VOYAGE TO INDIA.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



FROM CASEMATE TO CABIN: A GUN-PORT NOW A CABIN-WINDOW ON THE "RENOWN."

Luxurious accommodation is not the strong point of a warship, and many alterations have been made on board the "Renown" for the Prince's voyage to India. Even gun-casemates have been made into cabins.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

CAVE-DWELLERS AT KINVER, NEAR BIRMINGHAM.



1. AN OCTOGENARIAN TROGLODYTE: MR. FLETCHER AT HIS HOUSE-DOOR.

2. THE KINVER CAVE-DWELLINGS.

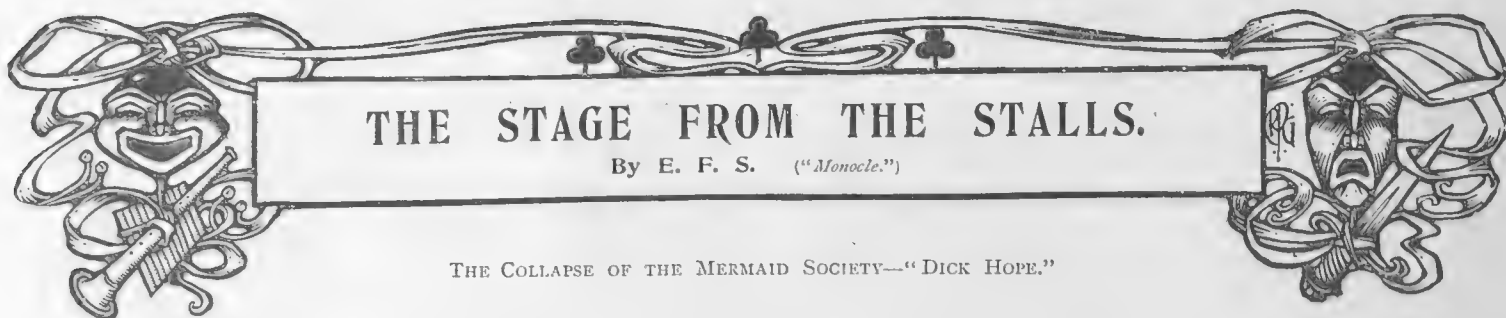
3. THE INTERIOR OF FLETCHER'S CAVE (HIS COAT AND HAT ARE EXTRAORDINARILY REMINISCENT OF CERTAIN PORTRAITS OF THOMAS CARLYLE).

4. A STREET OF CAVE-DWELLINGS.

5. DISUSED CAVES ONCE OCCUPIED AS DWELLINGS.

Not far from Dudley are a series of cliffs known as Holy Austin Rock. The rock is riddled with caves, which are inhabited by several families. Some of the dwellings are extended with brickwork joined on to the natural rock. Within, the chambers are hollowed out into rooms of considerable size, with fireplaces, windows, and doors. The average rent paid to the Lord of the Manor is about £3 a year, and one of the oldest inhabitants says it is pretty difficult to make both ends meet. It is very curious to see the glazed windows and white curtains breaking the face of the rock.

Photographs by Whitlock.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

THE COLLAPSE OF THE MERMAID SOCIETY—"DICK HOPE."

THE sudden collapse of the Mermaid Society no doubt will surprise a great many people. With its long list of influential patrons and big Committee, one would have expected more support, and no one can be surprised that Mr. Carr should throw up the sponge for a while at least, seeing that the first week's return of its best season amounted only to twelve pounds, as against the very moderate working-expenses of three hundred pounds. Perhaps

some people will be glad of its untimely death or suspension of animation, whichever it may be, since not a few persons connected with the theatre are hostile to the non-commercial theatrical ventures. Probably by now there have appeared paragraphs making fun of the distress of the "earnest student of drama" at this untoward event, and ridiculing the "long-haired, cadaverous enthusiast and sexless females and effeminate men who crave for the pestilential," etc. I have always felt, in reading such articles, that the "long-haired" is very painfully sarcastic—to me at least. However, in this case I think our withers are unwrung, as, indeed, they were when the Elizabethan Stage Society discontinued its praiseworthy, valuable efforts. The Mermaid Society has failed because it tried to do too much and too little. The programme, combining a list of famous old plays and antiquated modern works, was peculiarly dangerous, and a warning may be drawn from the fact that the actual collapse took place when Mr. Sydney Grundy's essentially ephemeral work, "The Late Mr. Castello," was in the bill. A Society whose brief record contains Ben Jonson's heavy comedy "The Silent Woman," and Mr. Gilbert's work, now quite out of touch with the public, "The Palace of Truth," seemed doomed to failure. Those who desired the one could hardly long for the other, and I do not imagine that there are many playgoers who crave for either, though a "swagger" revival of Mr. Gilbert's play, the originality of which was so severely questioned in the *Grand Magazine*, might draw. I do not think we ought to be despondent because Ben Jonson's play and "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," "The Broken Heart," "The Confederacy," etc., did not draw, for one may have a keen interest in drama, and particularly in non-spectacular and non-sensational drama, without wanting to see these famous old English pieces.

MR. KENDAL AS MAJOR RICHARD HOPE IN
"DICK HOPE," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

Photograph by Window and Grove.

No doubt the confession ought to be made in sackcloth and ashes, but I will admit, unblushingly, that, although in my time I have read, and with a great deal of interest, most, if not all, of the masterpieces of English drama in its earlier days, the desire to see them on the stage does not come to me. Between reading and seeing such work there is a vast difference. One reads when in the mood, but cannot choose one's mood for seeing; one reads in a comfortable chair, in *négligé* costume, with a pipe in mouth and a glass of—lemonade—at command. One has to see in orthodox dress-clothes, sitting on seats that are not exactly comfortable, in a more or less cramped position, and can only get a cigarette and the doubtful refreshment of a playhouse by a scramble that I rarely undertake through a narrow, dress-encumbered

road. In reading, one can skip the mechanical scenes introduced, in obedience to conventional laws, into most of the works. One is able to turn back to the list of persons of the play, in order to avoid confusion, and one is never annoyed by bad acting. In the theatre the skipping is done for you, at the indiscretion of someone else, the plays are often puzzling, owing to lack of art in exposition, and the players are only human, and therefore imperfect. I doubt whether, on the whole, we make fair allowance, in our criticisms, of an audience. In past days I used to read Molière with great pleasure when I was not well; but, though I have seen several of his works performed by the most famous of French comedians, they have seemed to me, on the whole, rather dull and tiresome. I might multiply instances, if I durst. There is one element in the question which I have omitted. Our English school, unaided and unburdened by classic conventions, was very slow in developing skill in craftsmanship. Individual scenes in our old comedies may be splendidly written, but are tied together loosely; the bravest and most skilful producer is compelled to hack and hew and transpose in order to get a coherent story without incessant changes of scene; and even after much care and labour some of the "Mermaid" productions were a kind of patchwork. No one, it seems to me, can blame the playgoer who prefers staying at home to seeing a comedy by Mr. Ben Jonson, and this I say without prejudice to my admiration for the learning, wit, and humour of a laborious dramatist. All this is without disparagement to the courage, ability, and sincerity of those whose enthusiasm led them to a venture which never seemed to me to have the least chance of success. They have rendered certain services for which we should be thankful: amongst others, they have given to some young players opportunity of demonstrating their quality. Amongst them I must single out Miss Ethel Irving, whose brilliant Millamant showed what a treasure was being wasted on musical comedy; and Miss Irene Rooke, who astonished and delighted the critics by her gifts in tragedy.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal are once more spending an autumn at the St. James's Theatre, and their visit is welcome, though they do not seem to have solved quite satisfactorily the difficulty of finding a play likely to draw the London public. "Dick Hope," by Mr. Ernest Hendrie, is by this time well known in the provinces. It is a "nice" play, without any remarkable qualities either way; everybody in it is preternaturally good, and too much goodness on the stage, as in real life, tends to monotony. The noble vicar and the genial curate pervade the story, providing the key-note of its sentiment and its humours; and, set in a country-garden, they, with Mr. Kendal as a repentant drunkard, and Mrs. Kendal as the embodiment of self-sacrifice, work out their destinies in respectable, if occasionally stilted prose. Mrs. Kendal's part hardly shows the brilliant actress at her best; but Mr. Kendal enjoys quite an unusual triumph, well-earned, and the author acts one of his own parts capitally.



MRS. KENDAL AS MARJORIE LYALL IN
"DICK HOPE," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

Photograph by Window and Grove.

NATURE AND ART IN BURMAH: FINE WOMEN FROM THE HILLS AND GORGEOUS CARVING
FROM THE CAPITAL.



KWEMIE WOMEN POUNDING AND WINNOWING RICE IN THE ARAKAN HILL TRACTS. THE BORDER DESIGN IS PART OF THE
CARVING OF THE QUEEN'S GOLDEN MONASTERY AT MANDALAY

The Arakan Hill Tracts form a wild and backward district, between 4,000 and 5,000 square miles in extent, to the north of the Arakan division of Lower Burmah, between Chittagong and the Arakan Yoma Mountains. It is composed of parallel ridges of sandstone, clothed with dense forests, and is sparsely peopled with a number of wild hill-tribes, described as demon-worshippers. The people are of a marvellously fine physique. The decorative carving is from a wonderful circular stone gateway in the Queen's Golden Palace at Mandalay. It was built by Theebaw for his Queen, Supiyawlat, a short time before the British annexation. This is very reminiscent of Kipling's "Mandalay," where the Queen was mentioned in the lines, "Her petticoat was yellor, and her little cap was green, and her name was Supiyawlat, just the same as Theebaw's Queen."

Photographs by Mr. E. H. Liversidge.

AN OFFICIAL MUSEUM: TREASURES OF THE RECORD OFFICE.

INTELLIGENT foreigners and intellectual folk from the provinces, who come to London and make a study of its wonderful works, have doubtless been duly impressed by the large modern building that stands in Chancery Lane above Serjeant's Inn. They cannot ignore its great Gothic façade, peppered liberally with turrets and ornaments that must suggest to irreverent minds a wedding-cake manufacturer's dream of architectural beauty. This imposing place is nothing less than the Record Office, finished a few years ago at enormous cost, and enclosing the site of a House of Maintenance that stood some seven or eight centuries since, for the benefit of converted Jews.

Though the outside could hardly be more aggressively modern, the material that the office holds is of great antiquity, and is, for the most part, of considerable interest and priceless worth. In Victorian days the public archives were scattered in all directions throughout London: The Chapter House at Westminster and the Tower of London held some of the most valuable, but there were half-a-hundred other repositories, most of them fatally free from any suspicion of security against fire, burglary, and other ills to which so many archives are wont to succumb. Nowadays the precious records have one home, and pass their lives on slate book shelves in rooms whose doors and casements are of iron.

The Patent Rolls form, perhaps, the most important series of documents in the Office. They extend from the reign of King John, and show the long series of honours, dignities, and privileges granted by the Crown. In the event of disputes arising in connection with these grants, reference is always made to the Patent Rolls. Here, too, one may see the original treaties that have been made in times past with Foreign Powers, and many of these have a decorative quality that appeals to the artist almost as much as the treatises themselves to the historian or student. Among other rare documents to be seen in the Chancery Lane pile are original despatches from some of our great soldiers, including Wellington and Marlborough.

Tally Sticks were issued to people who lent money to the Government. The stick was split, each party retaining half. The line of cleavage, of course, being different in each case, afforded a method of proof, as no other man's half-stick would fit, or "tally."

Photo. Clarke and Hyde.

Among the objects of special interest is "Domesday Book," and a photograph of the first page is given here. It is in two bulky volumes, recently rebound, and is, of course, the survey of England made by order of William the Conqueror some twenty years after he

had convinced the Saxons who met him at Senlac that he had come to make a long stay on this island. Another document that must be curiously regarded in these days is the remonstrance sent to George III. by certain American citizens before the War of Independence. This notable communication is in excellent order, and, if it had been taken more seriously by the short-sighted gentleman to whom it was addressed, might have altered the course of the world's history. There may be seen, too, the quaint record of a Commission of Inquiry held to ascertain the ownership of swans in Cambridgeshire and Nottingham. The owners' special swan-mark and name are recorded. This habit of branding swans is followed to-day. A Tally Stick, of the kind that was issued to people who lent money to the Government, is shown on this page. The burning of these sticks caused the historic fire at the House of Parliament.

The Record Office possesses three reading-rooms. One is kept for men of law, and another for men of letters, while a third is reserved

for people who have access to documents not yet made public; but the most popular part of the building is undoubtedly the Museum, which possesses fine stained-glass windows and coloured marble tombs. Here one finds the famous tomb of Dr. John Young, who was Master of the Rolls in the time of Henry VIII. It is by Torrigiano, and good judges say it is one of the finest pieces of work to be seen in London. In the Museum one finds, besides the "Domesday Book" to which reference has been made already, the Black Book of the Exchequer and letters from all the rulers of England since Richard II. reigned. Then, too, there are letters written by Chaucer, Lady Jane Grey, the Earl of Essex, Nelson,

Napoleon, and others whose names must last as long as English History. Very curious are the papers relating to the Gunpowder Plot. They include the famous warning note sent to Lord Mountague, and the confessions of Guy Fawkes made at various stages of his imprisonment. One cannot help the thought that, if the ungentle Spaniard had lived in the days of explosives that are of small bulk and infinite capacity, he would have achieved his purpose, and to this day we should not know the precise origin of a terrible accident that occurred in the reign of James I. and made Parliamentary service unpopular.

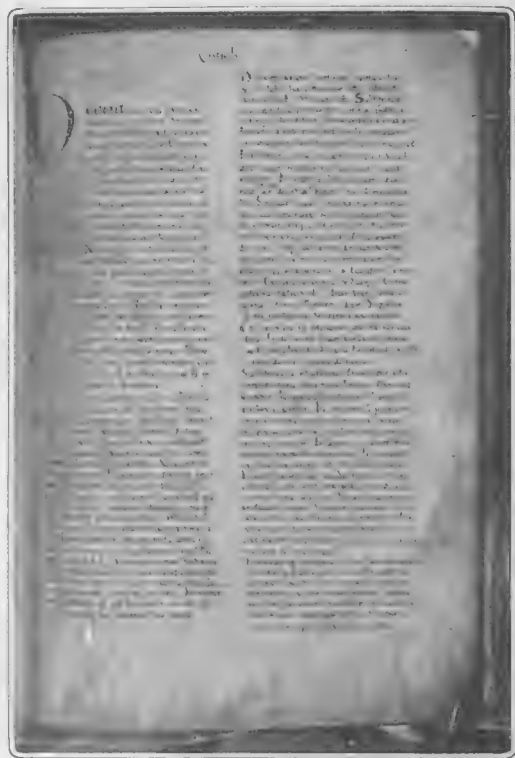
The Record Office differs from other national institutions of a like kind in that all its documents are, and always have been, official. Nothing is bought for the collection, and yet it is complete enough to afford a patient scholar ample material for an English History of the first importance. Year by year the various State Departments send all the documents that are worthy of preservation to the great building in Chancery Lane.

Needless perhaps to remark, some of the old records are in a bad way. Time was when the measure of attention that they received was of the smallest, and even books and papers have the sort of constitution that cannot endure sustained neglect. Documents that have reached harbour after a very stormy voyage on the seas of the past few centuries are carefully docked and repaired by a capable and painstaking staff, to whose credit many eleventh-hour rescues from illegibility must be placed.

As the Londoner passes down Chancery Lane he smiles with pity upon the benighted foreigners and provincials who are learning their London by heart. When business or leisure takes him to the Record Office, the same Londoner comes suddenly to the conclusion that it is a place of rare and abiding interest, and that the men and women who do not share his privilege of living in town and ignoring its great institutions are not so foolish as they seemed.



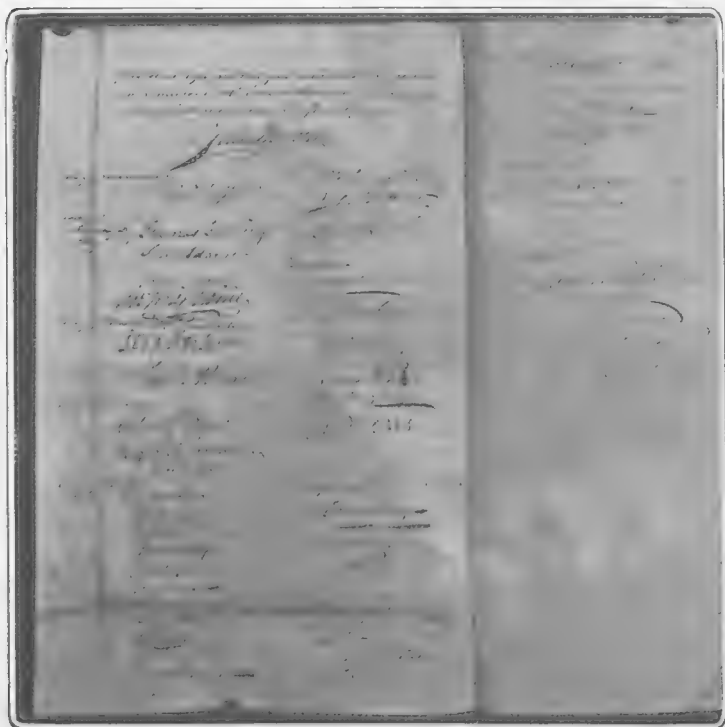
AN OLD FORM OF RECEIPT: THE TALLY STICK.



THE FOUNTAIN-HEAD OF ALL INFORMATION CONCERNING ENGLISH LAND-TENURE: "DOMESDAY BOOK," THE FIRST PAGE.

"Domesday Book," compiled by the order of William the Conqueror, is the earliest statistical account of England. It is now preserved in the Record Office.

Photograph by Clarke and Hyde.



A DOCUMENT THAT MIGHT HAVE SAVED OUR AMERICAN COLONIES: A REMONSTRANCE TO GEORGE III.

Had "Farmer George" lent an ear to this paper the War of Secession need never have been waged, and we might now know and admire Theodore Roosevelt, M.P.

Photograph by Clarke and Hyde.

"WITH THOUSAND STARS ATTENDING ON HER TRAIN."



STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

Photograph by Miss Kathleen Grant.

AN ORDER OF THE BATH; OR, HOT WATER FOR BUTTONS.



LADY (*to new Buttons*): Has anyone been, John?

BUTTONS: Yes Mum. A man called and said he wanted to see the old geyser, and I told him you was out.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

SIMPLICITY IS THE VICTIM OF INVENTION.



EVIDENTLY A MISTAKE.

PUZZLED SCOT: A wee laddie asked me t' ring yer bell for him; noo he's run awa'. I doobt it's the wrang hoose.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

THE KING IN THE HIGHLANDS: ROMANTIC GLEN QUOICH.



1. THE SCENE OF THE KING'S FISHING EXCURSIONS: LOCH HOURN. 2. ON THE KING'S ROUTE FROM THE STATION TO GLEN QUOICH: SCENE ON THE DRIVE FROM INVERGARRY STATION.
 3. ON THE KING'S WAY TO FISH ON LOCH DUICH: GLEN SHIEL.
 4. IN THE PASS BETWEEN LOCH QUOICH AND LOCH HOURN. 5. THE HEAD OF LOCH DUICH, WITH THE SNOW-CAPPED SCOUR OURAN (HEIGHT 3,505 FEET) IN THE BACKGROUND.

It was arranged that the King should motor to Loch Duich from Quoich Lodge, and that he should there embark on Lord Burton's steam-yacht "Rover" for a cruise to Loch Hourn. Unfortunately, on the first day of the King's stay all His Majesty's plans were cancelled on account of rain.

Photographs by A. E. Robertson.

A PLAYER IN A PROPHET: MR. PASSMORE INVOLVED IN BUDDHIST MYSTICISM.



MR. WALTER PASSMORE HIDING IN THE FIGURE OF BUDDHA
IN "THE BLUE MOON."

Photograph by the Play Pictorial.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. HOLMAN-HUNT'S long-delayed book, "Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood," will be published shortly in two volumes by Messrs. Macmillan. Chapters appeared a good many years ago in one of the monthly reviews, and those who read them, and particularly those who have been privileged to hear Mr. Holman-Hunt talk in his fascinating way about the past, will anticipate it with eagerness. In his preface Mr. Holman-Hunt says that the boy students in the middle of the nineteenth century found themselves practically unguided. The system of apprenticeship under which was produced all the great art of past ages had died out. The constant paternal guidance of the master training the inventive faculties of a particular pupil ceased to exist, and the latter could no longer see the original work of the master in all its stages any more than the master could follow the student in his daily ambitious efforts. "We, as students, no doubt lost much good belonging to the old tradition, as it would have been carried out by an altogether wise and good director, but we escaped what would have been fatal evils had the master been wanting in wisdom. When Millais and I compared notes in after life, we found that each of us had mainly depended for our painting practice upon passing examples and the advice of fellow-students more advanced than ourselves. Our unguided position had compensating advantages; the necessity of proving any new suggestion established in us the habit of daring judgment, which we exercised on questions more important than those of technique alone, and our previous study of the great masters prevented our inquiries from having the taint of ignorant presumption."

Messrs. Macmillan will also publish "The Recollections of William O'Brien, M.P.," and an unabridged popular edition of Mr. Morley's *Life of Gladstone*, in fifteen monthly parts, at sixpence net each. Already there is evidence that this popular edition of Mr. Morley's great work will be very widely welcome.

Among the subjects of the two volumes of Canon Ainger's *Lectures and Essays* which Canon Beeching is to edit are three lectures on Swift, *The Secret of Charm in Literature*, *the Teaching of English Literature*, and *Books and their Uses*. There are also two papers on Lamb—one on the Letters, and the other "How I Traced Charles Lamb in Hertfordshire."

Mr. Joseph Jacobs, who used to be very well-known in London literary circles, is now active and prominent in New York. He is Revising Editor of the great *Jewish Encyclopædia*, and a constant contributor to the American literary journals. Mr. Jacobs has been fortunate enough to discover in New York a new and authentic portrait of Spinoza. It belongs to a gentleman in Philadelphia, and is the work of Wallerant Vaillant, who made his reputation as a portrait-painter by painting the portrait of the Emperor Leopold in 1658. There are at present, apart from this newly discovered portrait, only three pictorial representations of the face of Spinoza, and one of them is, to say the least, of doubtful authenticity. The new portrait bears out the statement that Spinoza's face was of a marked Jewish type.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton is writing three monographs on famous authors. His subjects are Charles Dickens, Charles Kingsley, and George Meredith. The book on Charles Dickens will probably be the first to appear.

Messrs. Constable are about to start a new series of shilling books, giving, first, the salient features of Great Religions; second, Great Philosophies; and, finally, of Great Literary and Artistic Reputations of the Human Race.

Jack London, the author of "The Game," a prize-fighting story, defends himself against some of his critics. He says that he writes from experience. He knows what it is to be knocked out, and to knock out another man. He has received a letter from Jimmy Britt, light-weight champion of the world, in which he says that he particularly enjoyed "The Game," "on account of its truthness to life."

Mr. Heinemann expects to publish in the autumn a new volume by Mr. I. Zangwill. He will also issue "The Lake," by George Moore.

Mr. W. J. Locke's story, "Marcus Ordeyne," is to be dramatised.

A limited large-paper edition of Maurice Hewlett's writings is being prepared in New York. In all, the set will comprise ten volumes.

Mr. Lloyd Osbourne has written a story of an automobile, entitled "Baby Bullet." It has to do with the adventures of a motor-car which has broken down. Its chauffeur is found by a young girl and her chaperon. The three are then discovered by a young man in a big auto, who takes all—the broken car, too—through England.

Professor Gilbert Murray contributes to the *Speaker* an independent criticism of Mr. Swinburne as a dramatist. For Mr. Swinburne as a poet Mr. Murray has a cordial admiration. "It is impossible after him to write as people wrote before him. But a reader of his dramas has a feeling of puzzled disappointment. True, Tennyson's plays are commonplace, Keats's almost forgotten, and Byron's at best debatable." But Mr. Swinburne is almost a specialist upon drama. Yet, according to Mr. Murray, his plays,

as a whole, are dead. They are without acting-power: they are concerned with so few things. They have to be so very great or high or intense or horrid—and possibly, possibly one must add, to have been already clothed in literature—before he will pay them much attention. So that his characters, unless they have something to speak about which is either more shining than the sunrise or else far loathlier than God's loathliest hell, often leave an impression of not knowing how to pass the time. So far as mere writing is concerned, according to Mr. Murray, Mr. Swinburne only works easily when he has a difficult medium, and the more difficult the medium the better the work. He does badly in Elizabethan verse, not very well in Greek iambic dialogue, but supremely well in rhyme. Rhyme "enables this great poet, who is not a great dramatist, to weave his words upon a frame which is in itself delightful; which needs no pomp or convolutions to make it rich, but asks only for that consummate skill in writing strong and beautiful verse of which Mr. Swinburne is triumphantly master."

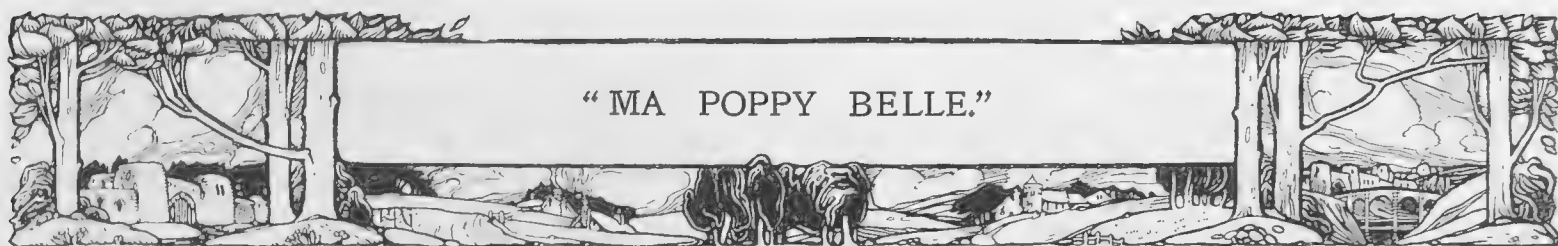
O. O.



[DRAWN BY W. H. ROBINSON.]

" . . . And thou
Beside me singing in this Paradise;
Ay, Paradise were wilderness enow."

WITH HOMAGE TO THE OMAR KHAYYÂM CLUB.



MISS MADGE LESSING

COMING OUT OF THE CORNSTALKS TO SING HER POPPY SONG IN THE SCENA, "THE EVOLUTION OF RAG-TIME," AT THE COLISEUM.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

VENUS OF THE SOUTHERN SEAS: POLYNESIAN BEAUTIES.

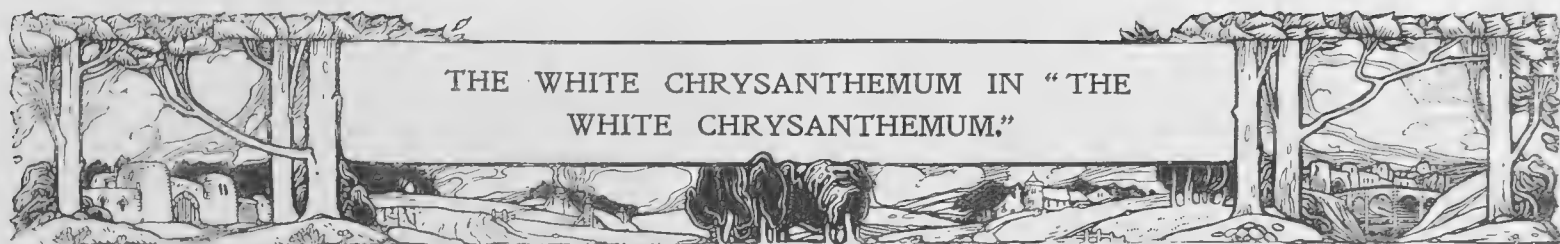


1. A SAMOAN GIRL WITH CHAPLET OF Hibiscus Flowers.
2. A HULA DANCER, HONOLULU, HAWAII. (Davy Photo. Co.)
3. A SAMOAN BEAUTY WITH NECKLACES OF TEETH AND SHELLS.

4. A MAID OF THE VILLAGE, SUENGA, SAMOA.
5. THE TAUPAU, OR HOSTESS, OF IVA SAVAH, SAMOA, WEARING NECKLACE OF CACHALOT'S TEETH AND HEAD-DRESS OF FLAX AND MOTHER-OF-PEARL PLAQUES.

These photographs are taken from Messrs. Hutchinson's new publication, "The Living Races of Mankind," by eminent specialists. The work is to appear in twenty-four fortnightly parts. The first number deals with Polynesia and Micronesia, and some idea of the interest and beauty of the illustrations may be obtained from these examples.

Photographs, except where otherwise specified, by Thomas Andrew, Apia, Samoa, reproduced by the courtesy of Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.



MISS ISABEL JAY AS O SAN (THE WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUM),

AT THE CRITERION THEATRE.

Photograph by the Play Pictorial.

HAPPY JAPAN ONCE MORE IN MUSICAL COMEDY.



1. MR. LAWRENCE GROSSMITH (LIEUTENANT CHIPPENDALE BELMONT) AND MISS MARIE GEORGE (CORNELIA VANDERVECKEN).

"I'll be your popsy wopsy woo."

2. MISS ISABEL JAY (SYBIL CUNNINGHAM).

"The scene of my glory, my life."

4. MISS MILLIE LEGARDE (BETTY KENYON) AND MR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON (ADMIRAL SIR HORATIO ARMITAGE, K.C.B.), IN THEIR JINRICKSHAW SCENE. (JINRICKSHAW-MEN, MESSRS. ARNOLD AND THOMSON.)

"Say, Admiral, it's a bit of a tight squeeze."

"It is, Betty, and I like it."

5. MR. M. R. MORAND (SIN CHONG) AND MISS A. LYTTON (LIEUTENANT REGINALD A. LYTTON).

"I'm in a devil of a bind."

On another page we give an outline of the plot of this extremely picturesque musical comedy, which is compounded of the usual ingredients.

Photograph by

"THE WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUM," AT THE CRITERION.



AND TWO OF HER JAPANESE MAIDS).
 or the love-story, is set in the Sea of Japan."

MR. HENRY
 (MILITARY).

men, naval officers, and the accessories, human and divine, of the theatrical Japanese landscape. The action takes place during Lotus-time.
 "Play Pictorial."

3. MR. LAWRENCE GROSSMITH AND MISS MARIE GEORGE.

Chippy: "Now, mark me very carefully. We're going to be married." Cornelia: "You don't say?"

6. MR. LAWRENCE GROSSMITH, MISS MILLIE LEGARDE, AND MR. HENRY A. LYTON IN THEIR
 JINRICKSHAW SCENE.

"Go away, old man! Don't be selfish."

"THE WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUM," AT THE CRITERION THEATRE.



MISS ISABEL JAY (SYBIL CUNNINGHAM, OR O SAN, THE WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUM), AND MISS MILLIE LEGARDE (BETTY KENYON, A YOUNG WIDOW, COUSIN TO SYBIL).

MISS MILLIE LEGARDE AND MR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON (ADMIRAL SIR HORATIO ARMITAGE, K.C.B.) IN THE DUET "THAT'S THE ONLY THING THE POOR MAN'S FOR."

MR. M. R. MORAND (SIN CHONG, A CHINESE SERVANT), MISS MARIE GEORGE (CORNELIA VANDERDECKEN, AN AMERICAN HEIRESS), AND MR. HENRY A. LYTTON (LIEUTENANT REGINALD ARMITAGE) IN THE SONG "I MEAN TO BE THE ONLY PEBBLE ON THE BEACH."

MR. HENRY A. LYTTON AND MISS ISABEL JAY IN THE SONG "THE BUTTERFLY AND THE FLOWER."

The story relates the adventures of Miss Sybil Cunningham, an English girl who is living in Japan under the name of O San, or The White Chrysanthemum. She has fled to Japan with her cousin, Betty Kenyon, a fascinating widow, in order to escape a marriage which she abhors, for she is in love with Lieutenant Reginald Armitage of H.M.S. "Powerful," who has, indeed, established her in the East until he can claim her. Enter, to the lovers' dismay, Admiral Armitage, Reginald's father, who has brought over an American heiress whom he desires to wed to his son. After an amusing series of complications the play ends as musical comedies usually do.

Photographs by the Play Pictorial.

LUXURY IN AMERICAN HOTEL-LIFE.



1. THE ROOF-GARDEN ON THE HOTEL ASTOR.

2. THE ROOF-GARDEN.

3. THE TEA-TABLE AND THE ORANGERY.

4. THE EGG-BOILER.

5. SOME FAMOUS WINE-CASKS.

6. IN THE CELLARS.

The Astor is to smart New York what certain great caravanserais of London are to the fashionable world on this side. There is no refinement of modern luxury which is not known or practised there—the very eggs are boiled on scientific principles—but, needless to say, the cuisine and the wines are such as to satisfy the most fastidious disciple of the Epicurean philosophy. In the cellars the curiously carved casks and Gothic figures are reminiscent of the shrines of Gambrinus. As a matter of fact, these decorations reproduce the famous Steinberger cellars at Cloister Eberbach-on-the-Rhine. The hotel is in the very centre of the theatre and shopping district of New York. There are 500 rooms, about 350 of which have private baths. The orangery is in the style of an Italian garden, and in the centre is an ancient fountain from a Florentine villa.

Photographs by Byron.

A PICTURESQUE EFFECT OF THE FLOODS OF INDIA.



A STREET IN SRINAGAR DURING THE INUNDATION OF THE MAR CANAL.

Srinagar—the name means “City of Fortune”—is the capital of Cashmir. It extends about two miles on both sides of the Jehlam, which is crossed by seven roughly-laid wooden bridges, and the banks are lined with bathing-places. The city is picturesque but extremely unhealthy; for the natives make use of the foul canal-water, and the place is a stronghold of cholera.

Photograph supplied by A. Hamilton.

EVIDENTLY EARLIER THAN EVE: AN ANTEDILUVIAN QUESTION.



CITY VISITOR: There! That's what I call a real novelty—a blasted oak!

COUNTRY COUSIN: Well, it ain't no novelty, 'cos it's been there since prehysterical times.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

Some Social Pests.

VII.—THE SUPPORTERS.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

"SPEAKING OR MUTE, ALL COMELINESS AND GRACE.



"GRACE WAS IN ALL HER STEPS, HEAVEN IN HER EYE."



"IN EVERY GESTURE DIGNITY AND LOVE."

Photographs by the Aristophot Co.

A CONQUEST IN SIX ACTS.



"I AM NOT SURE OF THIS GENTLEMAN."



"HIS FURTHER ACQUAINTANCE MAY BE DANGEROUS."



"MY IMPERIAL WILL, HOWEVER ——"



"——IS IRRESISTIBLE."



"AND I MAY ADVANCE TO FURTHER VICTORIES UNTIL——"



"——MY TRIUMPH IS COMPLETE."

A NOVEL

IN

A NUTSHELL.

A SCENE IN SUNSHINE.

BY

E. GEO. TURNEULL.



JOHN KINLAKE threw himself down with a sigh of content upon the soft turf. He was filled with a sense of well-being. For one thing, he had enjoyed a wholesome meal at the cosy village-inn; for another, he was about to indulge in twenty minutes' smoke and rest before he continued his journey; finally, that journey, delightful in itself, was to end in something more delightful still, namely, a lovers' meeting. Better than all, that meeting was to be but the glorious gateway to a month of Paradise spent by the side of the Beloved. The charming figure of Esther Brooke beckoned him from afar. He saw the soft dew of tenderness that would suffuse the brown eyes as they met. The three days which his walking-tour would swallow up were but an interim of delicious suspense which added a tantalising zest to the feast which was before him.

"One of the perfect moments of life!" thought John Kinlake, as he clasped his hands behind his head and looked through the green lacework of the leaves above into the blue June sky. The dell that he had lighted upon for a resting-place was a little dip in a field through which a small brook made a thread of rippling music. The soft shadow made it a grateful resting-place.

"I will allow myself half-an-hour," thought John, and, looking at his watch, he found the hour to be half-past two.

A shiver of song trembled from a lark above him. He raised himself upon his elbow to follow the line of its flight. Then, for the first time, he saw the outline of a large, many-windowed house in the near distance. The stately residence of some man of wealth, John thought; and smiled, as he reflected that he, John Kinlake, had cause to envy no man's riches.

As if in answer to his thought, the lark burst into a fresh roulade of triumph.

"Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,

Thy song to poet were, thou scormer of the ground."

So quoted John aloud. And a voice, quite near him, added, musically—

"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought."

John raised his astonished eyes to meet the gaze of a distinguished-looking man of about five-and-thirty years of age. The stranger smiled pleasantly, and, fixing a pair of brilliant black eyes upon him, said—

"It's not often one hears Shelley's words issuing from a hedge-row. My curiosity got the better of my manners, and I intruded on impulse. Being here, may I smoke beside you?"

Scarcely waiting for the other's nod, the stranger threw himself upon the grass beside Kinlake, asking—

"Are you staying in the neighbourhood? If so, what a godsend you will be. With all this wealth of poetic material that surrounds us in this Elysium there is scarcely one amongst us who has a soul to feel it. Should a dim appreciation of its beauty stir in one of us, the feeble throb dies before it can struggle to the lip to be stammered forth in speech."

"The want of expression does not prove that the feeling is absent," said Kinlake. "After all, *we* were only quoting. I used Shelley's words because I could find none of my own."

"True," laughed the new-comer; "I stand—or rather, lie—corrected. And you broke into the lines which expressed his ecstasy at the rapture of the bird's song, while I took the pessimistic grumble of the never-to-be-satisfied human being. Perhaps this swiftly taken choice is the indication of our several states. Ah, yes! you look a happy man. I am one of the accursed of the earth!"

"I am sorry to hear it, but I hope you are exaggerating your condition. It is true that I happen to be in an exasperatingly cheerful mood just now. My lucky star has suddenly shone forth, and I am on my way to great good-fortune."

"On your way," echoed the stranger; "then you are but a passer-by. Ah! I am disappointed."

"Behold my staff and scrip," said John, pointing to his wallet and stick. "Yes, I am on a short walking-tour, which is to end in a pleasant holiday; and that reminds me that ten minutes of my mid-day rest has flown, and soon I must be on my route again."

"Give me at least half-an-hour of your company," pleaded his companion, fixing his brilliant eyes, which now expressed a world of melancholy and yearning, upon Kinlake. "Who

knows but that some touch of your contentment may not communicate itself to me, and may for an hour or two mitigate the depression into which I have latterly been plunged? Come, half-an-hour! The time in which you may smoke two cigarettes. That is not much to bestow upon a fellow-creature, is it?"

"My dear fellow," exclaimed Kinlake, moved at the other's pleading tone, "if my company could really be of service to you, you would be welcome to an hour if you wished it. But you exaggerate my ability to influence you; I am a very ordinary, commonplace young man who happens just now to be in a cheerful mood. That is all the power that I can claim."

"Perhaps that is just what I want. You are a younger man than I; doubtless you have never come to such a *cul-de-sac* as I seem to be pulled up against now. I feel as if I were chained up with my face glued against a blank wall. I am told off by the doctors to rest. Fancy resting with a mind that screams to work, with a spirit that tingles for action, with a thousand devils driving one to do or die! Never did I feel so impelled by desire, never so besieged with vivid fancies, never so possessed by power to raise images that should rear themselves as pulsating, living creations in the world!"

"Are you a sculptor or a painter?" asked Kinlake.

"Neither. My only weapon is my pen; but ah! what a tool to wield! The sculptor's marble has its cold limitations, the painter's colours shrink into insignificance before the sunset, but with a drop of ink one can sweep the reader into the depths of woe or into shrieks of hilarity, into the regions of the beatific or into the depths of hell."

Kinlake regarded with pity his companion's tortured face, which was pallid with the strength of his emotion, and in which the burning eyes alternately smouldered and blazed as he rebelled against the prohibition which had been placed upon him.

"My dear fellow," urged Kinlake, sympathetically, "to excite yourself like this is madness. Remember that, after your period of enforced rest is over, you will probably return to your beloved work with fresh zest, you will be stimulated to fresh triumphs. As a field which has been allowed to lie fallow for a season, you will produce a fertile crop which will amaze even yourself by its richness. Is not this hope enough to give you strength for a little patience?"

A savage and bitter laugh broke from the stranger.

"Patience!" he exclaimed. "You, too, like those infernal doctors, preach patience! But who can guess what meaningless babble that word sounds to me? To me, who had climbed, with infinite labour, on to the first step of the ladder of fame! To me, who had sacrificed pleasure, youth, and love to court the goddess of Fortune! To me, who had starved my body that my mind might grow! To me, who had ground into powder the fibres of my inmost being and had mixed the sacrifice with the scarlet of my blood!"

The passion of the man was horrible to see. Kinlake's own happiness rose up as a reproach before him, he was overcome with a flood of pity for this suffering fellow-creature, but into that infinite pity there crept a thread of horror. As if the other perceived it, he swiftly interposed—

"Forgive me for thus imposing my grief upon you. I told you, you could help me. I felt the sympathy that emanated from you, and the temptation to speak—to pour myself out—assailed me like a thirst. Tell me something of yourself, if you will be good enough; perhaps that would bring me distraction for an hour."

John Kinlake laughed.

"Not it, indeed! My history would not interest anyone for two minutes. I am a most commonplace person. By name John Kinlake;

by profession an accountant; by a lucky stroke of late good-fortune possessed of a comfortable competence, and by the grace of the gods engaged to marry the sweetest woman on earth, who awaits my coming at this very moment. There's my history in a nutshell. Not exciting, is it?"

"Ah! I guessed you were a lucky beggar when I heard your outburst to the skylark. There was a thrill in your voice that only goes hand-in-hand with the joy of life. How different is the state of Richard Weston!"

The despairing melancholy of the speaker's tone struck John Kinlake as most piteous. He reached out a hand and clapped it kindly on the other's shoulder.

"Courage, Richard Weston! There's a good time to come for you as surely as times of trial are brooding for me in the future. It's only a revolution of Fortune's wheel. I happen to be on an upper spoke in the sunshine, and you are taking your turn underneath in the shadow. Think of the vigour with which you will fling yourself into your work again. How many inspiring ideas will rush into your mind. You will surpass your old work, you——"

The other interrupted him by clutching his shoulder fiercely, and at the same time a triumphant peal of laughter broke from him.

"You are right! you are right!" he almost shouted. "Thank you, Kinlake, for that word. I feel that the deeds I have accomplished are nothing compared to the inspiration that awaits me. May I tell you something of my past work?"

"Certainly. I shall consider it a privilege, but do not forget that my time is not altogether my own, that——"

"No, no," interrupted the other, feverishly. "But it helps me to tell someone, and you promised me an hour if I wished it, and I will promise not to exceed it. You must know that the early years of my life were a constant fight, a fight tooth and nail against a blank wall of disappointment. I had intended to enter the medical profession, but, money failing while I was still in training, I determined to try literature, for which I had always had a sly appetite. A small success with a few stray essays and stories filled me with belief in myself, but then came one of those unaccountable reverses of luck for which there seems no explanation. In the meantime I married a poor, delicate girl, whom I loved to desperation, and then Fortune turned her back upon me. While I had still some spirit left, I scraped a wretched living by scribbling humorous stories and satiric verses for the rottenest of the comic papers. It was a devil's life. I could have borne starvation for myself, but to see my wretched wife and sickly child growing more thin and wan day by day drove me frantic, and my well of humour soon ran dry. All day I walked Fleet Street with my unsaleable wares; all night I lay awake staring into the darkness for a fresh idea. Then the inspiration I wanted came: on my despairing heart it flashed as we stood on the brink of starvation, gazing at the gulf of hunger that opened its yawning maw to swallow us; the inspiration of blessed salvation came, and a voice whispered, in a breath louder than a shout, one beautiful, scarlet word—*Murder!*"

"Good God!" cried Kinlake. "What do you mean?"

"Ha-ha! I thank you for that exclamation, friend; it proves that all power has not gone from my word-painting yet. Of course, I mean a tale of murder, a story that should shout with horror, that should be painted with a crimson glory, turning the brain of the reader to fire while cold thrills of terror crawled within his shuddering spine. My first murder (of course, I mean my tale of murder) was born in the darkness, in the blackness of despair that bore down upon me in those hopeless nights when my stomach yearned for food, was born of the frenzy of the man who had called upon the gods till his voice was hoarse with its yells. . . . Ah! then, just as the black walls seemed to be tottering down to crush me, the scarlet word of inspiration wrote itself in letters of fire upon my brain. Directly I read that word I knew that the power was within me, and I let the wings of imagination run riot, and so I planned my first murder. The moonlight ran a finger of pale light across the stretched throat of my wife, but I would have none of that. I had already decided that my first murder should be committed amidst the crawling horror of darkness; the victim was to wake from a dream in a cold sweat of terror, to feel the clutching fingers on his windpipe while the breath of the unknown murderer played over his face in fitful gasps."

There was a savage wildness in the speaker's eloquence that Kinlake felt to be uncanny. He rolled a few inches away on the grass, both that he might place a little more space between the speaker and himself, and also to shake off by his slight movement a numbness of feeling that seemed to hold him spellbound. The other man's bright eyes seemed to snap at him as he said, reproachfully—

"You promised me a hearing, and you are already weary."

"No, no," Kinlake replied, hastily; "but I fear you are exciting yourself too much. If your doctor——"

"Curse him!" yelled Weston, savagely. "Curse them all! What would I not give to see yonder building burned to the ground!" He threw a wild gesticulation towards the large mansion Kinlake had noted, and added, in a hissing whisper, "But I would have all the doctor devils safely locked within! Ah! what a bag of luck the devil would gain that day!"

A horrible conviction shot through Kinlake that the man was mad. It was no idea that slowly suggested itself, it was a certainty as sure as the brilliant blue sky above him that the building in the

distance was a Lunatic Asylum and his companion an escaped inmate. His thought flashed, "You must get away," but at the same moment he knew that his will was paralysed, and even to stir a finger was impossible.

"But I am forgetting my story, and time passes," resumed Weston. "My first murder was a brilliant success, and it seemed that my fortune was made if only my invention did not fail me. No one knew the author—my last venture had been made anonymously—and I gathered together all my cunning to produce a work that should outshine its forerunner in sensation. The moonlight that I saw playing over my wife's stretched throat was the inspiration that I flew to meet. Kinlake, have you ever noticed blood in the moonlight?"

The speaker thrust his worn face, hungry with inquiry, close to John Kinlake. A numbing fear held the latter motionless. He was fascinated by the glare of the maniac, even as one is spellbound by the fast approach of some inevitable, swift-passing destroyer. He was dimly conscious that somewhere, miles above them, the sun was shining, the lark was singing; but an atmosphere of chilly horror surrounded the maniac and himself, and he felt that they were as surely cut off from the rest of the world as if they had been alone together in a locked chamber. Yet he was conscious of the bright world outside their prison, and far in the distance Esther held out entreating hands towards him. With a great effort he stirred faintly; instantly Weston's hand gripped his shoulder.

"Kinlake, I know now the colour that I sought to see in the moonlight, but I did not satisfy my thirst for knowledge until I had squeezed the utmost out of my imagination. My wife wondered why I changed the position of the bed each night. I varied it with the wandering of the moonlight, that I might not lose one moment of my revel of anticipation. It is foolish to rush upon a feast—half the joy is in living it beforehand—and for many nights I saw and tasted that blood before I raised my hand and made it spring. Before I had had my inspiration, my nights had been an agony of hungry longings and unsatisfied aspirations, but now they were feasts of revelry. At last the gorgeous moment arrived and I did the deed. The world rang with it, and I, at last, was on a pinnacle of fame. It was true that my wife was sacrificed, but what was that when so much had been achieved by her death? My name was on every tongue, the papers rang with the devilish ingenuity of the offspring of my brain; at last I—I, Richard Weston, had found a key to open Fortune's gates, and, triumphantly waving my scarlet flag, I came to claim the applause of the multitude. Then, Kinlake, came the blow."

Suddenly the lunatic turned and confronted Kinlake, at the same time laying a hand on each of his shoulders as he half-knelt, half-crouched before him. The blazing eyes seemed to burn into John Kinlake's brain, the livid face worked into horrid twists, and the hot breath ran in gusts across John Kinlake's cheeks. The cloud of horror about them thickened, and the blue sky and the waving leaves were very far away—a thin, misty vision like a dream. Kinlake tried to speak, but his lips refused their office. Then the vision of Esther, young, fair, expectant of his coming, rose before him. For her sake he must make an effort.

"Weston," he stammered, "let us go to the doctors, and I will speak for you. I will assert that it would be better for you to be allowed to work; I——"

The madman's glare changed into a leer of hideous cunning. Keeping his position with his face still close to Kinlake's, he hissed—

"Not till you have heard me out, not till you have heard the details of my next plot! Of course, having started on this line, I must pursue it on an ever-ascending scale. Each murder must have some new element of horror to make it more vivid than the last; my work must proceed in a gradual but forcible crescendo until it reaches a roar that will drown the shrieks of hell itself. My first murder was committed on a lonely old man in the mystery of darkness; my second on a young and beautiful woman in the sickly gleam of moonlight. These were but poor affairs. Who misses a poor old man, who cares for the disappearance of a delicate, helpless woman? But the life of a lusty man who is in the flower of hope and youth and love! Ah! that is a life that is worth the taking! To snatch it in the bright sunlight too, when all things around shout of the happiness that dwells within him! That is my last idea, Kinlake! What do you think of it?"

The moment had come at last when John Kinlake must make a desperate effort to defend his life. The hands of the maniac were at his throat, they closed around it like a band of iron. Kinlake threw his legs up with a mighty jerk. The maniac's legs were flung into the air, but the grip of his hands on Kinlake's throat was not loosened one jot. Kinlake's hands tore and pulled at the other's wrists, but they might have had a baby's strength in them for all the effect they wrought. Gradually, as the maniac saw Kinlake waxing faint, only one of his hands was left in possession of the victim's throat, while the other went forth to seek something near at hand. As Kinlake turned his dying eyes to heaven they met a heavy stone descending in the murderer's hand. Crash! Crash! it came upon John Kinlake's forehead—and . . .

Two minutes afterwards a Thing with hands outstretched ran howling into the field.

In the dell what had been a man lay broiling in the sunshine. Still the lark sang, and Esther was waiting, waiting, waiting.

THE END.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE game of theatrical "Puss in the Corner" has already begun, for on Monday evening Mr. Weedon Grossmith moved "The Duffer" from the Comedy to Terry's, where "An Angel Unawares" finished on Saturday, after the shortest run of the present season. Next Monday will witness the transplanting of two plays, for "What the Butler Saw" will go from Wyndham's to the Savoy, and "The Walls of Jericho" will be transferred from the Garrick to the Shaftesbury.

As a curtain-raiser to "What the Butler Saw" Mr. Mouillot will produce at the Savoy a Japanese play in one Act, called "Hari-Kiri," which will be played by a Company of Japanese actors direct from Tokio.

At Wyndham's, on Saturday, Mr. Frank Curzon will produce Mr. R. C. Carton's new three-Act farce, "Public Opinion," which his admirers hope will have an equal measure of success as that accorded to "Mr. Hopkinson" at the same house. Several of the actors who contributed so much to the success of that play will appear in the new work, for Mr. Henry Kemble, Mr. Frederick Kerr, and Miss Annie Hughes are in the cast, which is, of course, headed by Miss Compton, who, as an actress, has become identified entirely with the plays of her husband. The brilliant quartette will be reinforced by the addition of Mr. George Giddens, whose vitality and verve make his services so valuable in farce.

The favour with which "Mr. Hopkinson" is being received on his provincial tour is remarkable, and presents an interesting contrast in the way of audiences. In London, the play appealed particularly to the public of the stalls and dress-circle, but on tour the pit and gallery are just as full and laugh just as loudly as the more expensive parts of the house, and their occupants are as enthusiastically appreciative of the author's wit and humour.

To-morrow evening witnesses the production of the long-promised "The Gay Lord Vergy" at the Apollo Theatre. In this no attempt has been made to Anglicise the story, the scenes of which are still laid in France at the time of the Crusades, thus offering opportunities for the display of picturesque costume. The Company, as *Sketch* readers are aware, is an admirable one, including as it does the names of Mr. John Le Hay, Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald, Mr. Sidney Barraclough, and Mr. Norman Salmond, Mlle. Aurélie Révy, Miss Ethel Ross-Selwicke, and Miss Gracie Leigh, who appears as the Princess Mitzy, the part in which Mlle. Lavallière, the original representative in Paris, would have acted in English but that the state of her health compelled her to withdraw from the cast.

When will the unjust farce of disassociating the name of Oscar Wilde from the plays he wrote cease? "An Ideal Husband" is being played at the Coronet Theatre this week, and is announced as "by the author of 'Lady Windermere's Fan.'" Everybody who knows anything of the theatre is aware of the authorship of that play, so that the anonymity is no anonymity at all. The high esteem in which Wilde's name is held in Germany, to which reference has been made on more than one occasion on this page, should be sufficient to ensure the literary reputation of one of the most brilliant authors of his day against this unjust exhibition of what is popularly called "Stiggins feeling."

That any manager should be able to annex so striking a title as "Coming Through the Rye" is an evidence of the injustice of the law relating to property in titles. For over a quarter of a century

the name has been associated with Miss Helen Mathers's famous novel, but it has been taken for a musical comedy which it was rumoured, though erroneously, would follow "The Walls of Jericho" at the Shaftesbury. The injustice is the greater because it has been well known in theatrical circles that a dramatisation of the novel has been contemplated by the author. Indeed, some time ago Miss Mathers approached certain dramatists with a view to making her novel into a play, but the negotiations did not come to anything.

There has been much talk of late of the growing influence of the control of London theatres by American managers. At the present time, those directly or indirectly governed by Americans number six out of about twenty-four houses which make up the sum-total of the playhouses either open or about to be opened at the West-End. Thus, a quarter of the West-End theatres are under American influence. Mr. Charles Frohman is, naturally, at the head of the list, for he is lessee of the Duke of York's, he is in partnership with Messrs. Gatti at the Vaudeville, and is interested in the plays produced at the Comedy, at which house, indeed, he will practically supply the entertainment. The Waldorf belongs to the Messrs. Shubert, and the Shaftesbury has been taken by Mr. J. H. Ryley, while the Princess's belongs to Messrs. Keith, who have just arranged for the alteration of the house, so as to bring it into conformity with the requirements of the London County Council.

While it has been held by some people that the number of what may be called American Theatres in London is not very large, it is worth noting that it would be impossible to find an English manager as the lessee of a theatre in New York. That American interests are growing in London no one can doubt, though perhaps the time is remote when American managers will control all the theatres in London.

After a preliminary trial at Cardiff last week, where it scored a great success, "On the Quiet" will be produced at the Comedy Theatre this evening, with Mr. William Collier in the principal part. The chief female character will be taken by Miss Ida Conquest, whose beauty and skill made so favourable an impression on London playgoers when she appeared in the leading part of "Too Much Johnson" with Mr. William Gillette. In the one-Act play, "A Man of the World," which will precede "On the Quiet," our public will have the opportunity of welcoming back Miss May Buckley, who won so conspicuous a success as the Chinese wife in "The First-Born" at the Globe Theatre, the play which was founded on the same theme as "The Cat and the Cherub." The leading part in "A Man of the World," which will be acted by Mr. George Nash, was at one time played a great deal in America by the late Maurice Barrymore, with whose name, indeed, it has always been associated.

The Comedy programme may practically be described as an evening with Augustus Thomas, since he is the author of both pieces. Mr. Frohman is thus carrying out the idea which he used last season at the Duke of York's, when both "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire" and "Pantaloone" were by Mr. Barrie; while the same thing was seen at the St. James's on two occasions, when Mr. Sutro furnished the bill with "Mollentrave on Women" and "A Maker of Men," and Mr. Alexander preceded Mr. Richard Pryce and Mr. Frederick Fenn's "Saturday to Monday" by the same authors' "Op o' my Thumb."



AN ACTRESS BRIDE: MISS NORAH KERIN.

Miss Kerin, who played Miranda in Mr. Tree's revival of "The Tempest," was married on September 26 to Mr. Cyril Michael at the Central Synagogue, Great Portland Street. Miss Kerin is one of five famous cousins, the others being Miss Julia Neilson, Miss Hilda Jacobsen, and the Misses Lily and Hilda Hanbury.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



KEY-NOTES



IN connection with the forthcoming Italian Opera Season at Covent Garden, one of the most interesting announcements is to the effect that Alfredo Catalani's "Lorelei" will be produced for the first time in England, it being a new version of a former opera written by Signor Catalani some twenty-five years ago. Only seven operas came from his pen, and he died twelve years

ago, at the early age of thirty-nine. Probably his most successful work was that to which the extraordinary title was given of "La Wally." Giordano's "André Chenier" was heard and approved by a singularly critical public some nine years ago, and only two years since was reproduced at the Camden Theatre. We remember very well the first-night of that production; we remember how well it was played, and yet how far the composer fell short of the expectations which the musical world had centred upon him.

Meanwhile, it would appear that novelty is to be the order of the day, and amongst the many works with which London is but ill-acquainted will be given Boito's "Mefistofele," which was produced at Covent Garden some seven years ago with a splendid cast, which included the names of Madame Calvé,



MR. KENNERLEY RUMFORD AND HIS DAUGHTER.

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.

M. Plançon, M. Bonnard, and Mlle. Meisslinger. As a spectacular affair, Covent Garden proved how finely a work which is practically written in tableaux can be performed, and the beautiful and statuesque scenery, combined with the pose of the various groups which make so much towards the success of the opera, will always remain as an unforgettable memory.

The Royal Choral Society has issued its prospectus for the season of 1905-1906. Eight concerts are included in the season's programme, seven of which belong to what are known as the subscription series of concerts; the eighth is a performance of "Messiah," which takes place on Good Friday. Sullivan's "Golden Legend" will be set side by side with the work of another English composer on Dec. 7; on New Year's Day Handel's "Messiah," which will, of course, make the second performance of the work during the season, will be given, with Miss Evangeline Florence, Madame Clara Butt, Mr. William Green, and Mr. D. Ffrangcon-Davies as the principal soloists. One of the most interesting announcements in connection with the same Society is that its first performance of "The Dream of Gerontius" will be given on March 22; the first performance by the same Society of Brahms's "Requiem" will take place on Jan. 25.

It is a curious matter to remember that Mozart in the heyday of his career created much more of a sensation in Vienna than in any other city where his work was produced, save possibly London, when he made so dramatic a sensation by his playing during the time that his father took a house in Cecil Court, and where Dr. Burney was used to visit him. A Mozart Festival is to be held in Vienna to celebrate the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the great master's birthday. "Don Giovanni," put together according to the original ideas both of Da Ponte and Mozart himself, will be revived, so that one may be able to follow the enthusiasm of the old Viennese audience which, headed by the Emperor of Austria, was the first to appreciate the glory and the beauty of the man's noblest work. "Figaro's Hochzeit" and "Cosi fan Tutte" will also be given, and it is anticipated that one of the most magnificent performances of "Die Zauberflöte" that the stage has ever seen may be expected by both the townspeople and visitors to the town. One of the most extraordinary items in connection with this Mozart anniversary will be the production of Richard Strauss's "Salome," the music having been composed to the text of the drama by the late Oscar Wilde.

The Jubilee Annual series of the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts will be inaugurated on Saturday, Oct. 14. On that occasion Miss Marie Hall will give a Violin Recital, assisted by Mr. Claud Biggs as solo-pianoforte player, by Miss Lillia de Berna as vocalist, and Mr. Charlton Keith as accompanist. The programme is based upon popular lines and will doubtless attract a considerable audience. On Oct. 21, Mr. Kubelik will appear for a farewell concert, prior, as the programme announces, "to his departure on his Tour round the World." The third concert will consist chiefly of Chamber Music by the London Trio—Madame Amina Godwin (Pianoforte), Signor Simonetti (Violin), and Mr. W. E. Whitehouse ('Cello), who will be assisted by Mlle. Rosa Olitzka as vocalist. On Nov. 4, the London Symphony Orchestra will give a Grand Orchestral Concert at the same place, and will be conducted on this occasion by Mr. Landon Ronald. On Nov. 18, Mischa Elman will give a Violin Recital, and three further concerts given by the London Symphony Orchestra will bring us down to Dec. 9, the last of which will be conducted by Mr. Walter W. Hedgcock.

In looking back upon the musical work which has been accomplished at the Crystal Palace during the last half-century, it is impossible not to recognise that from this quarter originated practically all the modern instrumental concerts which now occupy so much attention in the West-End of London. Sir George Grove himself was a wonderful backer of this kind of work, and his programmes are, of course, intimately known to every musician. Then one has to remember also that in 1862 Sullivan's Incidental Music to "The Tempest" was given, under the direction of Sir August Manns; during the same year Joachim played in Beethoven's Violin Concerto, and two years later Schumann's

Pianoforte Concerto was given with Mlle. Marie Wieck as the solo-player; it is pathetic to remember that she was the sister of Madame Schumann. In 1865 the Crystal Palace Choir made its first appearance, and was heard for the first time in Beethoven's Choral Fantasia, with Madame Arabella Goddard as solo-pianist. Whatever may be said of Madame Goddard's playing, it is certain that, so far as England is concerned, she inaugurated the period of technique which in these days has possibly become too insistent, wasting, as it occasionally does, emotion in the artist's endeavour to show merely manual accomplishment. But, above all things, one must never forget the great debt of gratitude which England owes to the Crystal Palace, inasmuch as it was there that so much of the great orchestral work of Schubert was given its first hearing. To a few men in life it is given that a romance may occur; but there are not many romances so delightful in their beginning and so successful in their end as the journey which Sir Arthur Sullivan and Sir George Grove took to Vienna in order to discover Schubert's lost manuscripts. Among the results of that amazing journey, it may be said that a historic moment was set among the records of time when, on April 6, in 1868, the unfinished Symphony was heard by the public. The debt which musical England owes to the Crystal Palace will never be paid, and yet we should remember with gratitude that a Jubilee is to be set down among the annals of English music commemorating work done in favour of the great art which has always been seriously taken by this country, even though at times our composers have not been distinguished by great musical inspiration.



MRS. KENNERLEY RUMFORD (MISS CLARA BUTT) AND HER SON.

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.

COMMON CHORD.



TECHNICALITIES OF THE TOURIST TROPHY—DUST TRIALS—DATES FOR EFFICIENCY EXAMINATIONS—THE UNFATHOMABLE MAGISTRATE.

ALL who are in any degree concerned with the progress of automobilism are by this time thoroughly acquainted with the detailed results of the Tourist Trophy Competition, which was run off so successfully in the Isle of Man on the 14th inst. The result, so far as the three placed cars were concerned, proved more than a matter of surprise to the automobile connection generally, for it was held by the majority of the experts that cars of the weight prescribed could never get over the course on the allotted quantity of petrol. How far these prophets were from the actual results as they panned out is shown by the fact that no less than eighteen cars completed the full distance of 208-odd miles with quantities of spirit remaining in their tanks, from absolute drought in the reservoir of the 20 horse-power Simms-Welbeck to 12.7 pints in the tank of the 14 horse-power Dennis.

As can be seen from the table of speeds and consumption, the race went to the speedy and the economical, for while the Arrol-Johnston, No. 53, covered the whole four circuits at an average speed of 33.9 miles per hour, and had 8.3 pints of petrol remaining, the 14 horse-power Dennis, No. 35, which finished eighteenth, was found to have 12.7 pints of spirit still remaining. The makers of the successful cars had grasped the fact that the problem set them was to construct a combination of engine and car which by weight, engine-speed, and gear-ratio should so suit the course to be accomplished that every drop of spirit should have been used with the greatest possible effect as the car crossed the line for the last time. In this regard the 14 horse-power Vinot would appear to have performed with almost equal credit to the two vehicles by which she was beaten, for, while the Arrol-Johnston beat her by 5 min. 21 sec., and the Rolls-Royce by 2 min. 9 sec., the Vinot had but 2.6 pints of petrol left in her tank, to the 8.3 pints of the Scotch and the 6.8 pints of the Manchester-built car.

Without doubt, the Tourist Trophy Competition is as full of instruction for motor-car designers as a nut of meat, and herein we must consider the value of the 1905 competition chiefly resides. It remains to be proved whether either of the winning cars will exactly fill the eye and the desire of the buying public as touring-cars. The speed-averages attained, due largely to an abnormal top-speed gear driven on the long down-grades, is rather higher than required by the majority, while the extra consumption of petrol, particularly at its present price, would not weigh for a moment. At the outside, it would mean but a few pence more per day of 200 miles.

In all future competitions, if the Tourist Trophy is to be fought for in future years, some stringent rules dealing with the construction and attributes of a *bona-fide* touring-car will have to be drafted and

rigidly administered. The dodges resorted to by some of the competitors to get within the regulation weight on the last day were nothing short of absurd, and, when discussed, tended to throw ridicule upon the competition as a whole. The reduction of the sectional area of frames and under-frames by excessive drilling should not be permitted, for it is obvious that either the makers of such cars use material of much too heavy section in the ordinary way or their

Tourist Trophy frames were cut down to the danger-point. So far as an outsider could discern, the two cars which appeared to be in every way *cap-à-pied* tourist-cars were the two 15 horse-power Orleans', and, as they finished seventh and ninth, with 11.25 and 9.45 pints of spirit to spare respectively, they did very well. They wanted to be rather faster. The same may be said of the 16 horse-power Swift and the 14-16 horse-power Argyll.



THE CHASSIS OF THE ARROL-JOHNSTON CAR THAT WON THE TOURIST TROPHY.

The car, driven by Mr. John S. Napier, is of 18 h.p., and has a two-cylinder horizontal engine. The chassis price is £650, the weight unladen 1,864 lb. The tyres are Continental 8.15 by 105.

be found in this manner, and the way in which the whole subject has been allowed to droop is at the bottom of the supineness of the makers with regard to it. Foreign-built cars are most to blame, particularly one notorious German make, which in all types has a huge pressure-feed petrol-tank set low down beneath the rear of the frame, and is a most villainous dust-producer.

I referred some time since to the examinations for granting drivers' certificates and certificates of mechanical efficiency which are

to be held by the Automobile Club. Dates for no less than nine examinations have now been fixed, and these will be held at Coventry, Oct. 16; at Birmingham, Oct. 17; Manchester and Liverpool, Oct. 18; Sheffield, Huddersfield, and Leeds, Oct. 19; Leicester, Nottingham, and Derby, Oct. 20; Oxford, Reading, and Swindon, Oct. 24; Bristol, Bath, and Gloucester, Oct. 25; Exeter and North Devon, Oct. 26; Plymouth, South Devon, and Cornwall, Oct. 27.

The ways of Magistrates are dark and devious and in no way to

be fathomed by the mind of an average man. We read daily of car-drivers being fined savagely in huge sums for exceeding the legal speed-limit on long lengths of open, desolate road, the fines amounting in some cases to as much as twenty pounds; but when a driver, a local inhabitant, by the way—probably an elector—is brought before the Bromley Petty Sessions for being drunk while in charge of a motor-car, he is fined forty shillings. I marvel by what standard the balance of the mind Justiciary is set.



HARVESTING BY NIGHT: A STRANGE SCENE NEAR THE GREAT NORTH ROAD.

Travellers on this road were recently surprised to see lights moving to and fro in a field at midnight. It was the Ivel motor, attached to a reaping-machine, demonstrating to farmers how it would be possible to work night and day until all the crops were gathered. In four hours 16 acres were cut. As paraffin-oil was used, the cost for fuel was sevenpence an hour.

Copyright Photograph by Newman.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

HIS MAJESTY—THE DOUBLE—"A. P."—NEWBURY—APPRENTICES.

THE rumour that a high-priced yearling was bought by Lord Marcus Beresford at Doncaster for the King is, I believe, well founded, and it is to be hoped that we shall soon once more see the Royal colours borne to victory in good-class races. It is said that the Sandringham yearlings are much above the average, and I do hope that R. Marsh will capture some of the big two-year-old events at Ascot, Epsom, and Goodwood in 1906. His Majesty takes the keenest interest in the running of his racehorses, and, like the majority of owners, he is fond of winning. Herbert Jones, who wears the Royal colours, is one of the best jockeys at his weight that we have. He handles two-year-olds tenderly, and is a most reliable jockey in riding trials. It is said in Ireland that His Majesty will once more attempt to win the Grand National next year, but I should hope not with Moifaa, who, I think, will not be coaxed back to his form of two years back, when he won so easily in Mr. Spencer Gollan's colours. His Majesty owns a very smart young 'chaser in Flaxman, a gelding by Hackler—Circe. He is only five years old, and has won two steeplechases and a two-mile flat-race this year out of three attempts. The old stagers tell us that horses under seven years of age are no good at Liverpool; but what about Ambush II., Drogheda, Voluptuary, Roquefort, and Ilex—all six-year-olds when they won?

It is yet early to discuss seriously the chances of horses engaged in the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, and a well-known Club lounge tells me that the majority of the transactions printed on the races day by day are mostly the hedging transactions of the Continental List men, whose agents are constantly engaged in covering transactions. Princess Florizel, trained by the Hon. G. Lambton, has been well backed by somebody for the Cesarewitch, mainly, I expect, because Templeman will have the mount, which, by-the-bye, is strange, seeing that Given Up, who is trained by Hallick, has more than a reasonable paper chance. The Princess won the Northumberland Plate in a trot, but I do not think Clifton Hall, who was giving the winner 21 lb. and finished third, was quite wound-up, because, in the race for the Newton Cup, Princess Florizel, receiving 23 lb., could only finish third to Thunderbolt. True, the distance of the latter race was only one mile four furlongs, against two miles at Gosforth, and I believe Princess Florizel is a real stayer. I like the chance of St. Denis very much now that Challacombe has won the St. Leger in record time, and Mr. Sol Joel's horse must be ticked decidedly dangerous. I expect, however, that Long Tom, Wargrave, and War Wolf will make a noise in the betting before the flag falls. The brothers Lambton are in such fine form this year that it is not surprising to find that Transfer, trained by the Hon. F. W. Lambton, is well backed for the Cambridgeshire. Transfer's book-form is a bit mixed. He won the first race of the year and was then bought by S. Loates. He is only a useful plater, but he has only a plater's weight (6 st. 2 lb.), and should go close; but can he beat Sir Daniel?

I have been for some years a member of the Middlesex Racing Club, and have paid up my subscription regularly. I mention this all-important fact at the start to show that I hold no brief for the gentlemen who so successfully run the Alexandra Park Meeting.

However, I have always enjoyed my outings to the Northern Heights, mainly because I have been enabled to see the London crowd engrossed in the Sport of Kings. The "A. P." track may not be a model one, but the sport seen there always satisfies the masses, and it would be a thousand pities to see the meeting stopped. The management can be relied on to keep the enclosures free from objectionable characters, and, thanks to the local police, it is many years since I have witnessed anything approaching to ruffianism on the course. The system of not giving pass-out checks in the cheap rings has worked wonders, and I think Messrs. Pratt and Co. were wise in adopting the plan at all meetings under their charge. If Wembley Park is to come, that is no reason at all why "A. P." should go. It is, I believe, feasible to improve the courses on the Wood Green track, and it is just possible that this may be done before the present lease runs out.

I wish success to the Newbury Meeting because there are some real live people behind the undertaking, and especially because it is a pet scheme of Mr. John Porter, who for many years has been known and highly respected on the Turf. The new venture starts with a hum, as the Railway Companies have made very special arrangements, while the managers of the course, having offered prizes worth the winning, have obtained a splendid list of entries. I am told that a very large number of the best men of the Turf have joined the Newbury Club, which means a certain fixed income for the new venture. A glance at the map tells one that several important training establishments are situated within easy

distance of the course, including Lambourn, Netheravon, Kingsclere, Isley, Chilton, Foxhill, Manton, Winchester, Weyhill, Stockbridge, and Beckhampton, while I am told that horses from Lewes and Goodwood could leave home in the morning and arrive on the course in time for racing. In expressing the hope that the cheap rings will be well patronised, I am putting forth an extra wish for the prosperity of the meeting.

The time has come when trainers of the old school must wake up to the fact that it is not sufficient to have good horses in the stable unless you can claim the services of good jockeys to ride them. Just now, two of our smart apprentices, Templeman and Blades, are running up a fine average of winning mounts, and their respective masters, Hallick and T. Leader senior, must be making lots of money. T. Jennings junior said some years ago that Bradford, the apprentice, was the best horse he had in his stable, and a great deal is due to the young Governor for tutoring so many apprentices. Mr. Jennings was the pioneer of the game. It is pitiful to see some of our trainers with large stables full of good horses and no useful apprentices of their own to put up in races. If I had my way, each trainer should be compelled by Jockey Club law to turn out one good apprentice to every twenty horses under his charge. John Porter once told a friend of mine that there was not the length of his walking-stick between the best stable-lad and the best jockey in the saddle. Those words were uttered twenty years ago, and I don't think the master of Kingsclere would stand to them now. Anyway, the modern trainer lucky enough to claim the services of a smart apprentice manages to show the best results.

CAPTAIN COE.



AN UNFORTUNATE SPORTSMAN: THE EARL OF HUNTINGDON, LATELY INJURED IN THE HUNTING-FIELD.

The Earl was recently kicked on the knee by his horse, and it will be some time before he is able to be out again with the North Staffordshire Hounds, of which he is Master. This photograph was taken during a meet of those hounds at the Gladdings, near Madeley.

Photograph by the Topical Press.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

A MAN, possessed of the obsolete but agreeable habit of saying pretty things to every woman he speaks to, told me the other day that he could resist everything but temptation—in which he but confessed himself as the most ordinary type of male, and was told so, moreover. If temptations are to be met, wrestled with, and overcome, commend me to women, more especially those who go to

allurements of Bond Street, amongst other places, have not dwindled, and at the very corner of this hub of the universe there was consolation in the aspect of some very *chic* chapeaux at Scott's of long-established celebrity. A useful little handbook, with sketches of all their newest millinery, is issued for the delectation of country customers, and good folk living any distance off can have "a choice selection" sent out on approval by the simple expedient of giving a tradesman's reference. One of Scott's prettiest hats takes the form of what is known as a "Breton sailor"—a velvet-piped arrangement in cloth, with a sea-gull perched at one side and pretty chiffon draperies; and for riding, a smart three-cornered felt, with broad ribbon band and rosette, is visibly a Scott speciality, with the *cachet* that attaches to all productions of this most worthy firm.

Coming down to coats and forthcoming mantles of the winter season, I find already some charming examples in velvet, fur, and otherwise. One of these inspirations in the matter of mantles is shadowed forth on this page, a much-to-be-desired collar and stole of ermine trimming a beautifully cut three-quarter-length coat of pale biscuit cloth. The sleeves are a feature, turned back with ermine at the elbow; and the addition of ermine heads to the immemorial effect of tails is distinctly successful. The genius with which Ernest, of Regent Street, combines cloth and velvet is shown forth in our second sketch. This graceful dress is in black, fine embroideries appearing in the details of collar and cuffs, and a dainty chemisette of



[Copyright.]

A NEW AUTUMN COAT.

Paris with the pious resolve of buying only two hats apiece, and find themselves confronted with twenty—each irresistible, each clamouring for annexation, each presenting completely different and not-to-be-set-aside fascinations. Here abstinence becomes nothing less than martyrdom, and the woman who can really come away with two bandboxes only should be set far above rubies, not to mention Parisian diamonds, of which these pages, by the way, show an extremely fine example this week: a corsage ornament, to wit, of exquisitely set rose-leaves and conventional flowers—quite a masterpiece of the gem-setter's art.

But to return to millinery and the Rue de la Paix. Extravagance, casting about in what particular its outlook could be extended, seized upon ostrich-feathers, always objects of cost when good. These are now artificially enriched and enlarged by attaching to every frond another of equal size and softness, so that a hat decorated with one of these gorgeous plumes may equally run into several hundred francs, and look worth it, moreover. Another novelty is the large and long osprey, one perched on the side of a jauntily turned-up straw or felt being a very sufficient trimming, with just a knot or band of velvet round the brim. To say the new shapes are eccentric feebly describes their divergences. Whether the apparent back is to the front or the apparent front to the back is, as the Irishman said, "all one," and this irresponsibility of outline is not the least of the present mode's attractiveness.

In returning to favourite haunts after ten weeks' absence, the



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING MODEL AT ERNEST'S, REGENT STREET.

embroidered cambric showing at the neck. An example of the new round-crowned hat done in panne matching the tone of costume completes the picture, which is one of the well-detailed elegance for which Ernest, of Paris, London, and New York, is so favoured and famous.

The classic repose of Hampstead Road was lately disturbed by a fire at Oetzmann's furniture-shop, which turns out, however, to be

less serious than was at first supposed, that most admirable of all London's institutions, the Fire Brigade, appearing promptly on the scene, and with such effect that comparatively little damage was done and business resumed next day.

The excellent and indispensable Mrs. Pomeroy, ever at the right moment in the right place, is again to the front on our return from moor, mountain, and seaside, with her invaluable skin-treatment and skin-food to smooth out the creases and turn to white the brown of our rather battered, weather-beaten and sun-tanned complexions. A new emollient bearing the hall-mark of Mrs. Pomeroy's name appears under the style and title of "Skin Purifier." It is warranted to restore the most hardly used complexion to whiteness and softness, pristine or otherwise, and should be tested by all sufferers from wind and weather. Items useful to remember, and now available in smaller sizes at reduced prices proportionately, are the Eau de Vatican, Hair Stimulant, and Badami Paste for the hands, at two shillings each. Women should also remember that Mrs. Pomeroy can be consulted gratuitously, and that her advice in all matters relating to health, hygiene, and the preservation or restoration of beauty by natural means is at all times available; while for those living out of reach of the various branches in Dublin, Glasgow, Cape Town, and the provinces, the standard book of "Beauty Rules" can be had for the asking by post-card.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FOTHERINGAY.—Quite out of the province of this article. You can obtain the information from the proper professional source. We are not private-inquiry agents.

L. F. S.—White furs will be more fashionable; but for London, where white quickly becomes black, you will find sable, mink, or marten more suitable and quite as smart. Stole-like effects continue in favour. See our illustration.

PRINCESSE DE B.—You will find quite a nice little winter season here, but the climate is, of course, *épouvantable*—fog, wind, rain, and always smuts. Our shops? Well, we are not Paris, of course, but good for specialties *tout-même*. SYBIL.

VAGARIES OF THE VOTING-LIST.

The Revising Barrister is the victim of abstract logic, and pure reason leads him into strange places. No doubt, that excellent officer was in a strait betwixt two at Putney the other day, between reverence for the great and his legal duty. The question was Mr. Swinburne's vote. Now, the poet goes half-shares in a house with his friend, Mr. Watts-Dunton, and pays half the rent; but, alas, he may not sing as a free and independent elector, for his name does not appear in the agreement with the landlord. That distinction is reserved for Mr. Watts-Dunton, who in virtue thereof may freely invade the awful sanctities of the polling-booth, while the poet waits outside. Perhaps Mr. Swinburne could not agree with the landlord, but, as he pays his share of the piper, he might at least be permitted to call the tune. To make the balance true, almost on the same day, in Ireland, another Revising Barrister granted a vote to a fully qualified rate-paying lunatic.

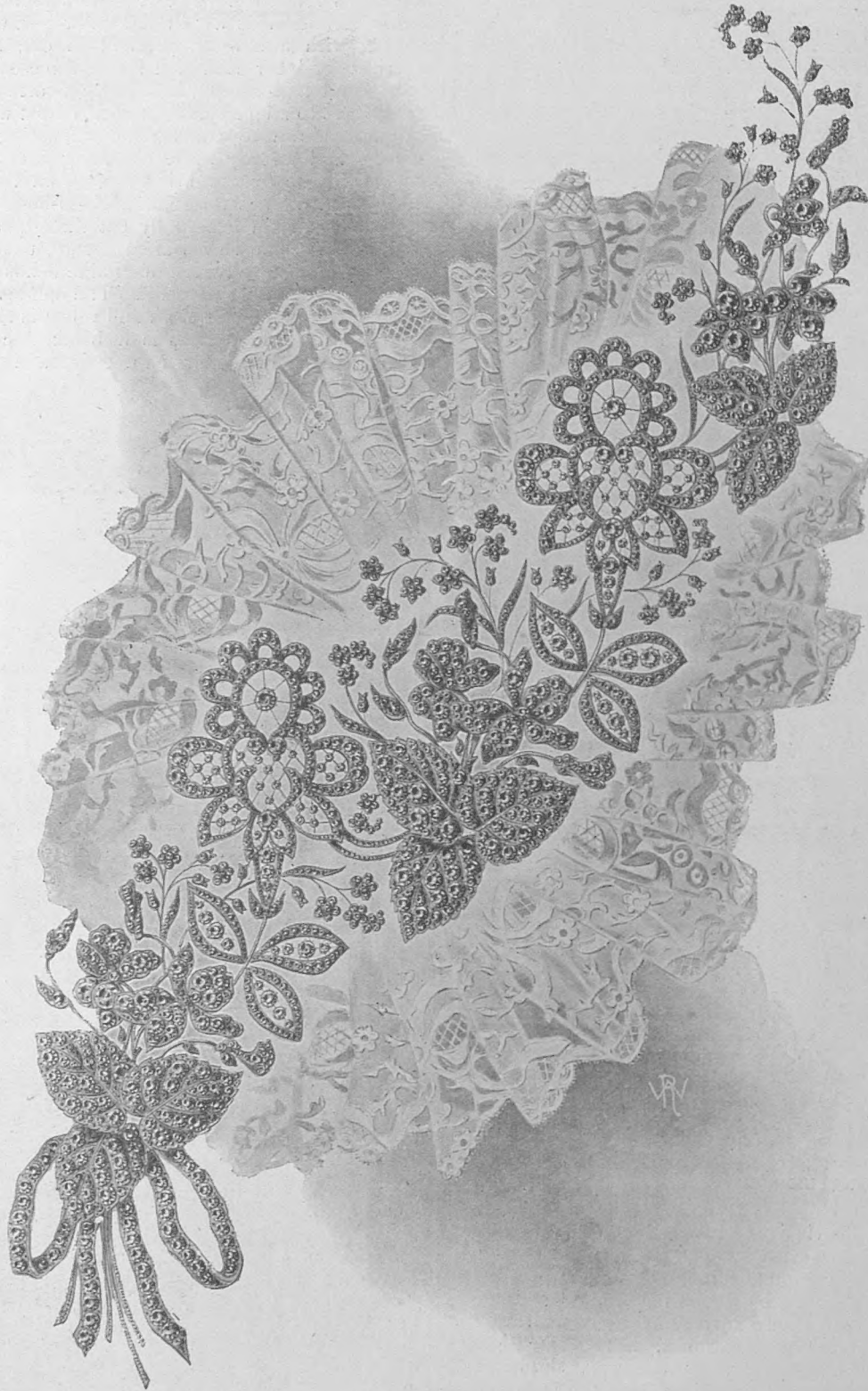
MR. AUSTIN'S SUCCESSOR.

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON is to be the writer of "Our Notebook" in the *Illustrated London News*, in succession to the late Mr. L. F. Austin. Mr. Chesterton is one of the most popular writers of the day, and has just that whimsicality of touch which is most effective in a weekly causerie of the kind he has undertaken. When he had already made a considerable reputation as an essayist and reviewer, he suddenly extended his fame with "The Napoleon of Notting Hill," that delightful extravaganza in which he imagined the Western postal district of London in a state of siege. That his genius is many-sided is declared by such diverse books as his "Twelve Types," "The Club of Queer Trades," and "Heretics."

"WITH TOGO."

A very lively and intimate account of life with the Japanese Fleet during the war has been written by Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright, under the title of "With Togo" (Hurst and Blackett). Mr. Wright, who is so well known to readers of the *Illustrated London News* as a naval artist, went out to the Far East for Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth, and Co., of Elswick, who built and armed so many of the Mikado's ships, and his mission was, in the first instance, to record as a draughtsman the incidents of sea-warfare in relation to the vessels and weapons constructed by the Elswick Company. As an old War-Correspondent, however, Mr. Wright kept his pen as busy as his pencil, and, as his opportunities for inside knowledge of the Japanese Navy were unrivalled, his narrative is in its essence unhackneyed. Under the especial care of the Japanese Admiralty, he was borne on many of the vessels on active service, and was treated *en prince* by everyone, from Admiral Togo himself to the humblest deck-hand. He had his own little camp on the heights before Port Arthur, with a special guard from the Fleet, and there he sketched and watched the terrible drama as it was played out in the bay and in the ravines

below his perch. Several times the artist was entertained by Togo himself on board the ill-fated *Mikasa*, and he gives an excellent character-sketch of the strong, silent man whose genius annihilated the sea-power of Russia. For the Japanese sailor he has nothing but admiration, and the esteem was mutual. One amusing letter sent up to the author's camp before Port Arthur is quaintly addressed, "To our venerable gentleman Seppings Wright, on the hill." The illustrations from Mr. Wright's pencil and camera are even more interesting than the text, which, for all its vividness, suffers occasionally from a lack of careful revision. In a second edition, however, Mr. Wright will, no doubt, see to this. As an intimate account of that part of the war which was most concealed from the public view the book deserves a wide popularity.



A SPRAY OF BRILLIANTS AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 11.

THE MONEY OUTLOOK.

ALTHOUGH the Bank Rate has not yet been raised, there is no doubt that it is the monetary outlook which dominates the Stock Markets. That we shall have a 4 per cent. Bank Rate before the end of the year most people believe, and the Consol and other gilt-edged markets are suffering from the bare idea of such a



ONE OF THE BEST PLOTS AT SABOONCHI—No. 173, OWNED BY THE BAKU RUSSIAN PETROLEUM COMPANY, OF LONDON.

thing. One cannot hold profitably securities paying 3 per cent. or under when one has to pay a higher rate for the borrowed money wherewith they are in many cases purchased. The proposition is so obvious that our least-informed reader will hardly require an elaborate explanation.

Apart from the effect of a higher Bank Rate, the outlook is decidedly encouraging, and there is no doubt that a very considerable amount of public buying in nearly every market is going on, while for the investor with savings to put out we can only say the times are opportune.

MISTAKEN SPECULATORS.

Our correspondent "Q." sends us the following note, which will not be cheerful reading for holders of Kaffirs.

It is really quite pathetic to notice the way in which a large section of what I may call the speculative public clings to its belief in another Kaffir boom which is to repeat the marvels of 1895. And yet a little consideration should suffice to convince anyone that the conditions are entirely changed. I will just mention a few of the reasons which, in my humble opinion, render any repetition of the boom impossible. In the first place, the value of all the principal mines of the Rand has been worked out so closely that the price of the shares can only fluctuate within very narrow limits. Here and there a share may be undervalued; but, taking prices all round, it will generally be found that the future has been fully discounted. This was far from being the case in 1895, when the value of the deep-levels was only beginning to be fully realised. Again, a great deal of money is still wanted to develop the deep-level mines, mines on the Eastern Rand, and so on, and directly the market improves the opportunity is seized to make new issues of capital, and this takes the life out of the market. A third reason which must militate against a boom is that there are hundreds and thousands of people who have Kaffir shares bought at higher prices locked away, which they are only waiting for a good opportunity to get rid of. For these and other reasons I think the public is making a great mistake in expecting Kaffirs to yield big profits again. I am far from saying that there may not be great discoveries yet to be made in South Africa: undoubtedly there will be. We have had one great discovery in the last few years—the Premier Diamond Mine, which is probably destined to eclipse De Beers; but the boom, if boom there is to be, will not be in the old stocks. I said above that the faith of the public in a Kaffir boom was pathetic, and I call it so because, while they are pursuing this vain shadow of a boom which never comes, they are missing the very substantial improvement which is taking place in other directions. There are three countries, at any rate, which are at present in a condition of unparalleled prosperity: Canada, the United States, and Argentina, and a comparison of the prices of the Railway and other stocks of these countries now and a year ago shows the tremendous strides which they are making. To take a few instances almost haphazard, I find Union Pacific shares quoted a year ago at 99½, and now 136; U.S. Steel Corporation Preference then 68½, now 107½; Readings were then 33½, and are to-day 61, and so on, among Yankees. In Canadian shares I find Grand Trunk Ordinary a year ago stood at 15½, and are 26 to-day; Canadian Pacifics this day year were 131, as against 180 to-day, and so on. If I turn to Argentine and other Foreign Rails, I find B.A. and Rosario Ordinary were 97, and are now 113; Antofagastas were 115, against 210 now; Mexican First Preference 86, as compared with 113; Nitrate Rails 7½, against 15½, and so on all down the list. "Ah, yes," I hear someone say, "but these things have had their turn; now it is to be the turn of Kaffirs." Unfortunately for those who argue in this way, things do not go so simply on the Stock Exchange, or we might all be millionaires. These stocks have improved because of the wonderful prosperity in their respective countries, and they will not relapse unless those conditions change. However, I am quite aware that what I say will not be believed,

and that the public will go on buying their Kaffir shares and selling them a little bit lower to the end of time. I met, the other day, in a railway-carriage an apparently shrewd North-Countryman, who told me that he never invested a penny outside his own country except in one thing, and that was—of all things—Chartered! Q.

Sept. 22, 1905.

AMERICANS' AUTUMN BOOM.

Apparently there is a hitch somewhere in the arrangements that were to be made for ensuring an autumn boom in Yankees. Can it be—horrible thought!—that the boom has already come and gone? There is a kind of lull in the affairs of the American Market that arouses suspicion as to the next move. Business is by no means lost to Yankees, but on this side there is not half the interest taken in Shorter's Court that there was, say, a month or two ago, before Kaffirs and Rhodesians reawakened. The money position in Wall Street is not exactly a comfortable one. The lines are doing well, but at the expense of a very high ratio of working costs. Labour difficulties, insurance "revelations," capital requirements, and other similar negative points are rather pressing their attention upon the market, although the tone of it keeps remarkably firm. We have been consistently bullish of Americans for a long time now, but, perhaps, it would be as well to get out of the market and let other people take a hand. "Yankees for the Americans" might be a useful text for the speculator to work by for a bit.

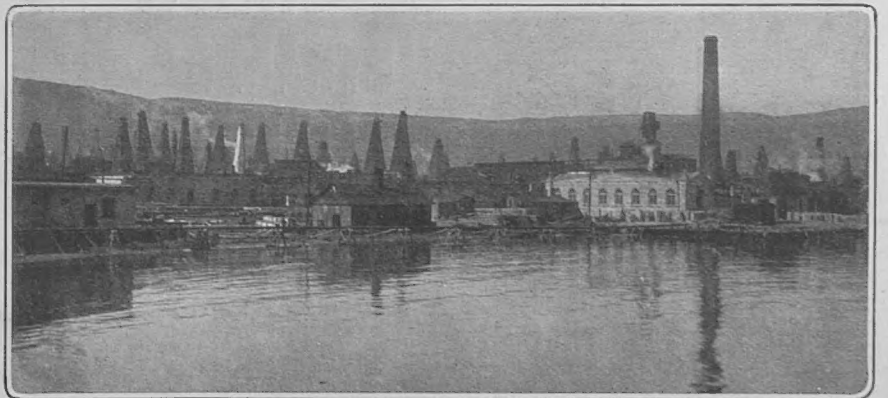
TELEGRAPHS AND TELEPHONES.

For the reason of the dramatic rise in Anglo-American Telegraph Deferred stock, Anglo "A," one must look at the long-accumulated reserve-fund, now standing close to the round million pounds at which its claims will cease, when the directors will consider themselves free to distribute profits to the "A" proprietors instead of adding to the reserve, as they have been doing for years past. If anything in the shape of an accident happened to one of the Company's cables, this fund would, however, have to repair the loss, and the work of replacing such money must always be regarded as a possible contingency. The Deferred looks quite high enough, but the 6 per cent. Preferred is a good investment of the semi-speculative type. It can be bought with a fair assurance of safety, but a better stock is the 6 per cent. Preferred of the National Telephone Company. This stands at about 114, and the interest is perfectly secure. Only the fear that the stock may be repaid at a low price when the Telephone Company falls into the hands of the Government prevents a certain rise to 120, and, from what we hear, there is not much risk of the stock getting less than 110 in the final distribution. But putting aside one per cent. a year out of the interest as a kind of sinking-fund, the stock would still command respect for the sake of its security, and the recent quiet advance is more than justified. The termination of the war in the Far East has affected the Eastern Telegraph group but slightly, but it brought about a sharp improvement in the shares of the Great Northern Telegraph Company, which has an overland line to Vladivostok. One of the best ways of spreading money over Telegraph investments is to buy Globe Telegraph and Trust shares. The Company has interests in a number of Telegraph concerns, and the Ordinary shares at the present price yield 5 per cent. on the money, while the Preference pay 4 per cent., and are as steady an Industrial as can be desired.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

To re-read Robert Louis Stevenson's essay on Idleness, in his wholly delightful "Virginibus Puerisque," is not the best preparation for sitting down to guide, philosophise, and befriend one's fellow-idlers to the tune of a column of matter printed in small type. I believe, however, that sheer personal vanity (meaning



RUSSIAN PETROLEUM AND LIQUID FUEL COMPANY: A VIEW FROM BIBI-EBAT.

emptiness) is largely responsible for the willingness of a chronically slothful disposition to— But I wax egotistical.

Now, there are Chartered. As many people know to their cost. Shall we sell them or keep them, buy more or sit back, hold tight and wait till bulls begin to sing once more? I don't think any of us in the City pages of *The Sketch* have ever been what you might call rampantly bullish about Chartered, but I will tell you what I hear in the market. In the first place, they—good authorities whom I may not name—say the Company has reached a point at which revenue all but balances expenditure. They say, also, that when once the end of the long lane of debits is reached, the progress forward will be rapid, and that the Company is about to benefit from some important scheme of colonisation that will bring settlers into those parts of the colony which so badly require opening up. Finally, that the price of the shares is cheap—at fifty shillings. I may observe that these details did not come

from the Banket nursery of fairy-tales, and I may also add that they came through other sources than the *Pall Mall Gazette*. How much to believe and to disbelieve is hard to decide, but I don't think Chartered shareholders ought to sell. The meeting may prove something of a surprise, and if only somebody else but the dear old Duke were Chairman of the Company—how one sighs yet for Cecil Rhodes!—that gathering might be discounted as a bull point. I candidly admit personal scepticism regarding the intrinsic worth of Chartered, but, speaking speculatively, the market looks sufficiently good to be trusted further.

Nitrates are drawing a lot of public attention to their market, and the best buy of them all is Lagunas Syndicate shares. Money invested in Nitrate Deferred ought to be turned into Lagunas Syndicates if the owner wants it to be usefully employed.

One is often asked nowadays whether the system of buying shares on a margin, and paying less interest than the securities yield, is a sound one, worthy of following. There are, of course, members of the Stock Exchange who undertake this kind of business, and their number may increase. But the client should ponder over the fact that he leaves his margin-money at the disposal of the man who buys the shares for him, and that he holds practically no security at all, because obviously the shares won't be put into his own name until he pays every penny of their cost. Would you leave a hundred or a couple of hundred pounds, without security, in the hands of even some close personal friend for an unlimited period? Of course, you can always get the money back by a sale of the shares, but your object is to make high interest, not to deal in market fluctuations. The man who takes your margin—a Stock Exchange man, let us say—probably has the call of large lines of the shares that he recommends you to buy, and he need not pay for a share until you call upon him to hand over the transfer when paying in full for your purchase. It seems to me that a man needs the sort of faith that will move mountains if he goes in for this kind of Stock Exchange operation—faith, I mean, in the Bank-of-England stability of the stockbrokers with whom he deposits his cash against a mere receipt for the money, or something that may prove equally flimsy in a day of possible stress in the affairs of his agents. I admit at once that the system looks plausible and attractive; and if the Bank of England, or the Rothschilds, or the Treasury take up the idea, then there will be a certain guarantee against undue risk. Of course, it pays the people who are running the system, because they obtain command of a lot of money without having to give security; and they can well afford to lose a little interest on the deals.

Prospects of dearer money and of a General Election are not likely to impose any restraint upon the growing undercurrent of better domestic trade that is apparent in various directions. Company-promoting is not always a guide to the state of business. It is safer to rely upon the volume of orders transacted by existing concerns, and shrewd observers call attention to a quiet revival in branches of trade that represent great industries at home. There has been a recovery of over a sovereign in the Ordinary shares of the British Electric Traction Company, and the buyers are those who take twenty, thirty, or fifty shares, rather than large purchasers. Here, too, the demand must be based upon knowledge, for the British Electric Traction Company fell out of general public favour with the average investor some time ago. Better trade must be at the back of the share-buying, and this should mean more profit to electrical traction generally. There are also a number of Electrical Power propositions in the air. The spade-work has been done by the pioneer Companies, and now experience has much valuable ground upon which to lay its coming schemes. There would be nothing surprising if the Electrical Power section became, in the course of a year or two, one of the most important in the Miscellaneous Market, and the Administrative County of London Bill has brought the matter before public notice in a striking way. Traffic necessities, too, are providing remunerative work for those engaged in the motor-omnibus and similar

trades. The success of the motor-bus, as exemplified by the popularity of the cars now at work, ensures remarkable expansion in the business. Let one Company but demonstrate the financial advantage of the new car, and there will be a host of keen competitors arise at once. The railway traffics point, on the whole, to a quiet and steady increase in the volume of trade, and it would appear that the capitalist will, in the immediate future, find more profitable employment for his money in home industries than in gold-mines. To regard the immense amount of unproductive money sunk in Transvaal and Rhodesian Companies is to be forced very near to the conclusion that investors are not likely to make similar mistakes for some time to come. South Africa is turning out plenty of gold in the aggregate, but on shares in the individual Companies the return is now so negligible that the market can appeal only to the speculator. If the country itself were progressing in the same ratio as the gold output, there might be more attraction in Kaffir mining shares, but the big houses rendered such internal progress impossible, what time they held a pistol to the head of the Government and declared that the riches of the Rand were unattainable except through the medium of Asiatic workers. Some investors would rather put their savings even into Kaffirs than into Americans, North or South, although they have recently been educated up to what can be done in the way of Canadian speculation. Allowing for the various channels of investment abroad, the fact still remains that trade is on the mend at home, and this consideration will weigh potently with the multitude who want their money to be in something close at hand. In the ordinary way, Home Railway stocks would provide the very thing, but there are many reasons combining to make such securities out of favour at the present time. If trade continues to improve, profitable home industries may be lifted on to a pinnacle of popularity such as they have not enjoyed for many years.—THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Saturday, September 23, 1905.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

F. H.—Your letter was answered on the 20th instant. But for your departure to a place out of touch with the Home Markets, we should have urged you to hold your Babcock and Wilcox for higher prices.

J. K.—The broker's name was sent to you. As to Waihi shares, they are a first-rate speculative purchase if you will pay for them and hold. We consider Argentine Land 5 per cent. Pref. or Babcock and Wilcox worth buying on the same lines.

TRUST.—Have nothing to do with them. You are sure to regret it if you do.

CRESCENDO.—All the stocks mentioned by you are good speculative risks and likely to improve.

ELLEN.—There is not much risk in banking with the establishment you mention, especially if you can arrange for a chronic over-draft.

H. T. R.—We think the mine is owned by the Central Company, but the bulk of the shares in the latter are the property of the Mines Exploration Company.

R. L.—The price is about 5s. for 5s. fully paid shares. We are not going to answer questions fit for the consideration of mining engineers. The shares are a gamble and one the market looks upon as dubious, as the concern comes from a bad stable. The less you have to do with it the better.

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